Haym Salomon

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HAYM SALOMON

Immigrant and Financier of the American Revolution

HAYM SALOMON

IMMIGRANT AND FINANCIER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By

H. S. BARON

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CHAPTER I

And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and, lo—a horror of great darkness fell upon him. Gen., 15: 12.

It was to be his last night in America. And it was a fitting one. A January blizzard had been in progress all evening and now had reached its height of fury. For hours the snow had been battering his face until, unable to hold out longer, he bent his head low.

"How long it takes to die," he thought.

Earlier in the night, as he was covering and stuffing cracks to prevent the gas he had planned to turn on from escaping, the blizzard hammering at his window had tempted him. "An ideal way to die," he had thought, and pocketing the epitaph he had written to explain his suicide, he had walked out.

And so he wandered, waiting for the icy gale to benumb his senses. At last, though still conscious, he was too exhausted to continue. "Now for a mound of fresh snow," he murmured. He saw one a few steps away, staggered forward and fell, sank into it and relaxed.

"They'll not ship my body back," he reflected.

In his anxiety to emigrate from his native Poland and come to this country, he had entered in an irregular manner, and after three years he had been taken into

custody. Now he was out, pending a hopeless appeal to be decided on the following day.

Feeling warm and sleepy, he began to recite his epitaph:

"Here under the sod lies Haym Salomon;
America had no room for him above,
And loving her as he did,
He sought shelter underneath;
No strife for bread there, hence room for all."

His mind was growing hazy and he continued to repeat the next to the last line, "he sought—shelter—shelter—underneath—under—under—neath." Then intelligence once more cleared his brains. "Oh, Haym Salomon," he murmured, addressing himself to the patriot financier, whose name he bore and whose biography he was writing, "is this the country you helped to free?"

"Stop that yelling," someone ordered.

"He's a policeman," Salomon thought. "What is he doing here on a night like this? He'll take it out on me with his club."

"Well?" demanded the voice, a little impatient, nevertheless with a tinge of softness.

"I'll be dead in a few minutes," Salomon pleaded.

"What of it?" asked the voice ironically. "Law is law, and neither death nor life can stay it from functioning."

"I know," Salomon replied. "But as one human being to another I appeal to you to let me die in peace."

The voice started laughing. Then it said, "Never

fear, I am no mortal. I understand the cruelty of meddling in your affairs."

"Who are you?"

For answer Salomon felt himself lifted and sat down. Reluctantly he opened his eyes. Before him stood a towering black figure with a myriad eyes.

"You know me?"

Salomon nodded. In his native town he had often heard the Angel of Death described as one having a thousand eyes.

"You are very fortunate that you could never drive out of your heart a vague belief in a Hereafter," the Angel of Death said.

"Then I'm not really dying?" asked Salomon. "I'm merely passing into another world?"

"Millions die and turn into dust. But you will not die."

"What is the Hereafter like?"

"Would you want it to be like this country?"

"With some reforms," Salomon replied.

"Follow me," said the Angel of Death.

Salomon jumped up quite eagerly, but he swayed and fell. When he came to, he found himself aboard a ship, and instead of the tall, dark man with innumerable eyes, there were excited fellow-passengers.

"America! America!" some shouted.

"New York! New York!" cried others.

Salomon looked at the land before them and thought them all mad, for nowhere were there in sight the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, or the New York skyline.

"You have overslept, friend Salomon," said one approaching him; "and you are not yet fully awake—there are still a few hours before we shall be landing. It might do you good to lie down and rest a little longer."

"But I don't understand," Salomon replied. "The last thing I remember is dropping in the snow and—"

"Dropping in the snow! Friend Salomon, it is clear you have had a terrible nightmare; I can see it plainly. You were not feeling well last night and went to sleep early."

"I don't remember," Salomon confessed. "Is it possible that I am now coming to America?"

"Of course. Don't you remember telling me how you left your town Lissa and about the various countries you visited?"

"But my town is not Lissa—and I thought I had been in America almost four years."

"What a dream to have!" said the man. "I assure you, friend, that it is still 1772."

"1772?" asked Salomon, bewildered. "My God, friend, don't tell me that. I remember distinctly living in 1927."

The man did not reply; he seemed too surprised to speak.

"It's 1927—you are joking, aren't you?" Salomon asked pleadingly. "You've read about the financier of the American Revolution—and realizing my dazed state, you're trying to make me believe I'm he."

The man looked at him. At last he took his arm and said, "Come, my friend, I'll take you to your room. You

have had a fantastic dream. Go back to bed and sleep it off."

Salomon went to sleep, and soon found himself in Lissa's synagogue, which was crowded. All had come to listen to Rabbi Jacobs' admonitions.

Bent with age and glowingly white, with a soft mellowness on his kindly, wrinkled face, Rabbi Jacobs, aided by Salomon, ascended the dais. He said:

"It grieves me sorely, my people, that Poland is no more. But we must not ask why. God's ways are mysterious. The sun shines in full radiance one moment and is covered with black shadows of night a minute later; a crown flashes and sparkles with authority to-day and is nothing but an ornament to-morrow. Poland was kind to us—who can therefore doubt that God will repay her? For it is not Poland that He is punishing. He is smiting us. It is now two thousand years since Jerusalem was destroyed, but we have not yet rendered ourselves worthy of returning to restore it. His House, where he could bestow upon us His fatherly kindness, the sacred Temple, the symbol of our piety and His glory, still lies in ruins.

"Last night I could not sleep. I heard the wailing of the Wall. 'O Heavenly Father!' it moaned, 'am I to remain brick and dust for an eternity? Smite thy people hard; bring them back to raise me to grace thy House.' God, oh, my people, is ever hearing the wailing of the Wall. Is it any wonder that His wrath for our iniquities is descending upon us? That we are beholding dark, black days as plainly as we can see a gathering storm in the heavens?"

He paused for strength. On the balcony, where the women stood, their heads pushed through the unglazed sash, tears began to flow.

"Yes, my people," he continued, "dark days are coming. We are like a flock of sheep flying from our Shepherd into the teeth of the devouring wolves. We shall hunger, but provide food for the roaming beasts of prey. We shall thirst, but our blood will flow to quench the lust of carnage. We shall live, but be like dust to our enemies' heels."

The weeping by this time had become general among the women, and many a man unblushingly cleared away tears, some using their sleeves, and a few their large motley handkerchiefs.

Rabbi Jacobs nodded approval.

"Yes," he said. "Let us weep and repent." He raised his hands to the altar, on the dais directly in front of him, and began to pray:

"God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, have mercy upon us! Hear our prayer and let our cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from us in this day of our distress. Make—"

The door opened noisily. A Russian police captain holding a knout, his lieutenant, and four gendarmes with drawn swords marched into the synagogue. In a loud military voice the captain commanded the gendarmes to stand at the door and be ready. Then he turned to the lieutenant.

"Draw your sword," he ordered. "Come on!"

The lieutenant obeyed, and the two ascended the

dais where Rabbi Jacobs stood. Haym Salomon followed them up.

"What are you all doing here?" the captain demanded.

"We are praying," Salomon replied.

The captain did not relish the interference. "Silence, Zhid!" he cried, raising the knout threateningly.

"Forgive me," Salomon begged. "But the rabbi does not understand Russian. May I speak for him?"

"Who are you?"

"I am the chosen head of the synagogue."

The captain lowered his knout. "Who is the principal merchant of the town?" he asked.

"I am," Salomon said.

"I want you and two others to call on me. But first, what are you all gathered here for? Is this the usual hour of worship?"

Salomon explained that they had come for the late afternoon services and had remained to listen to their rabbi.

"You were lamenting the fact that you are now in the hands of the Russians!"

"No, honorable captain."

"You lie, Zhid! You were all weeping."

"Our hearts are overflowing with emotion," Salomon replied. "We scarcely can contain ourselves from weeping when we are praying."

"Have you been praying for your king, our little father, the Czar of all the Russians, and the King of Poland?"

At the mention of the Czar, the lieutenant and the four gendarmes saluted, their swords flashing in every direction. One flash, striking Salomon's eye, made him turn his head.

"You can't stand the light which flashes at the mention of our little father's great title," said the captain; and added: "You're a revolutionist—now I know that you were all weeping because we are masters here."

"It is our custom to say prayers for our king on the Sabbath," Salomon replied to the captain's question, taking no notice of his remark.

"You think you're foxy, Zhid," smiled the captain. "But you can't fool me. Where are your prayer books?"

Salomon explained that for the late afternoon services no prayer books were necessary, as most of them remembered the prayers. The captain, however, interrupted him by taking hold of his beard.

"You're as full of deceptions as there are hairs here, eh, Zhid?" he asked good naturedly.

Salomon felt too humiliated to reply.

"You're not? Perhaps I'm exaggerating. But surely you can tell as many lies as there are hairs in this thinning beard." He released Salomon and turned his attention to Rabbi Jacobs' beard.

"Captain, I beseech you!" Salomon cried.

The captain continued to smile and to pull the old man's beard.

"Spare him! Spare the venerable man!" Salomon pleaded.

"Why, Zhid, I'm honoring him," laughed the captain.

Salomon frantically caught the captain's arm.

"Captain!" he cried, "he's old and weak—"

The captain freed his arm and struck him with the knout.

"What does he want—what does he want of us?" the rabbi moaned.

"Are you cursing me, Zhid—there!" The leather whip descended with a whine upon the old man.

"Captain, there's a God who sees you. And the Czar shall know of it!" Salomon cried.

"You dog!" roared the captain. He brought down the knout upon Salomon's shoulders. Rabbi Jacobs, unable to gaze at the scene, closed his eyes, and in a ringing voice called upon God for deliverance.

Hearing the rabbi's outcry, the whole congregation joined. Someone rushed up to the altar and opened it, which increased the intensity of the weeping, and the shrieking voices calling upon their Creator with the prayer uttered in the last minute of the Jew's agony:

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God; the Lord is one!"

The sudden outburst dazed the captain; the gendarmes, frightened, pressed their backs to the door and stood with trembling swords awaiting the attack. The lieutenant, more terrified than the others, gave voice to his superstitious fears:

"Captain, honorable captain, they're calling—conjuring up the devil!"

"Stop them, stop this terrible chant!" cried the captain. "I'll not strike you again."

Salomon repeated the words in Yiddish. Rabbi Jacobs raised his hands for silence.

"God has heard our prayer," he told them. "Close the altar."

The altar was closed in a brooding silence.

"You ought to hang your heads in shame," the captain said reproachfully. "What a noise—like you were so many pigs seeing one of your number slaughtered."

The lieutenant became uneasy. "Captain, honorable captain, I plead most respectfully that you don't provoke them again."

"You're an idiot," was the captain's response.

"What an unnatural sound each of them made," the lieutenant defended himself. "It surely is a noise the devil will listen to. I expected to see him rushing upon us from their holy place there."

He pointed to the altar and began crossing himself. Salomon was mortified.

"Stop, please, Mr. Lieutenant!" he begged.

"I wasn't going to hurt you; I swear. I was only about to cross myself," the lieutenant assured him.

Salomon explained that that was just what he was asking him not to do.

The lieutenant was nonplussed. "I mustn't cross myself? Oh, little father, to think that to make a cross would be out of place anywheres! I—"

"Remember, you were told not to cross yourself," the captain interrupted him. "I'll incorporate it into my report to the inspector."

"You'll not, I hope, fail to report everything else," Salomon remarked.

"Zhid, are you threatening me?"

Salomon said that he knew better than to do that

He merely wished to remind him that the higher officials might be inclined to deal kindly even with the Jews of their newly acquired country.

The captain transferred the knout to his left hand, curled his graying mustache that extended far into red, bulging cheeks, and smiled ironically.

"There'll be no kindness dealt out to anyone, Zhid. My superiors believe, and I agree with them, that kindness emboldens the rabble. We'll have none of it. A moment ago I was considering taking all of you out and whipping each and every one of you. But I thought better of it. I'd rather strike you where the hurt will go deeper than the flesh. The inspector assessed you five thousand roubles. I know you can pay more. I'll raise the sum to ten thousand."

Salomon gasped.

"Ah, that hurts more than the knout?"

"We cannot pay that much, captain."

"You cannot? If the money isn't in my hands at four in the afternoon to-morrow, you, your venerable rabbi, and one more personage will be taken to the market place and flogged. We'll free you for twenty-four hours after that, but if the full amount isn't brought to me within the next twenty-four hours, we'll gladly repeat the ceremony; and if the next day you fail again, we'll take some more hide out of you and graciously grant you another day."

Salomon was silent.

"What is it—what is he demanding of us now?" Rabbi Jacobs asked.

"Ten thousand roubles, rabbi."

"Ten thousand roubles?"

Salomon nodded.

"Can we raise it?"

The congregation by this time was sighing and weeping—which stirred the lieutenant to cry out:

"Oh captain, honorable captain, they're beginning their terrible prayer again."

"Shut them up, Zhid, and be quick about it!" the captain ordered.

"Rabbi, ask them to be quiet; his gentile blood is boiling."

Rabbi Jacobs raised his hands. "Be silent, my people," he begged. He was obeyed instantly.

"Now," said the captain triumphantly, "say a prayer for your new king, our little father, the Czar of all the Russians, and the King of Poland."

"Captain," Salomon pleaded, "even five thousand roubles are more than we can raise, but—"

"Don't argue with me, Zhid!" cried the captain. "Tell the old man that I order him to pray—and that I want you all to repeat after him."

Salomon acquiesced. "Rabbi," he said, "the goy insists that we all pray for the Czar."

Rabbi Jacobs became hopeful. "Perhaps," he speculated, "we'll soften his heart."

"Well?" demanded the captain impatiently.

"We'll pray," Salomon informed him.

The lieutenant quickly removed his cap. Salomon asked him to cover his head.

"I'll not do anything of the kind!" cried the official. "I'll not have my head covered when a prayer is offered

for our little father, even if the prayer is to a Jewish God."

"But we cannot pray—a bare head here is sacrilege —God wouldn't listen to us," insisted Salomon.

The lieutenant remained obdurate. Rabbi Jacobs closed his eyes and refused to pray.

"Put your cap on, you idiot," said the captain, and unexpectedly struck him with the knout.

The lieutenant replaced his cap on his head. "Dear God," he murmured, "what an unholy place they make of their church! To think that the sign of the cross and a bare head would be out of place anywhere."

Rabbi Jacobs turned his face to the altar and started to pray:

"God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, King of kings, show your mercy upon our earthly ruler. Protect him from harm—"

"Why don't you all repeat—and you're not weeping!" the captain interrupted the prayer. "You've just said that you always wept when you prayed."

Salomon interpreted the captain's words to the rabbi.

"Repeat after me and weep, my people," Rabbi Jacobs advised. "We have good cause to weep."

The congregation wept. Rabbi Jacobs continued:

"Protect our king from harm; soften his heart; give him wisdom to rule wisely and a sense of righteousness to rule justly."

"Is that all?" asked the captain."

Salomon translated the prayer and the captain was satisfied.

"Well," he said, "I'll let you off this time—and if you

bring me the ten thousand roubles to-morrow noon, all will be well."

"But captain," Salomon began to plead, "five thousand—"

The captain ignored him and left the synagogue, followed by the lieutenant and the gendarmes. As soon as they were gone, Rabbi Jacobs lifted his hands and gave thanks that they had left the house of worship undefiled. Then he turned to Salomon:

"Ten thousand roubles! What can we do about it, Reb Haym?"

"Nothing, rabbi; nothing can be done about it. We'll have to raise it—before four to-morrow."

"Is there so much money among us?"

"I'll send a courier to the flax merchant to come and get my flax at his price—three thousand roubles."

"We'll still need seven thousand more," sighed Rabbi Jacobs. "Our rich will become poor and our poor will have no one to whom to turn for help."

"I'll send another courier to the Russian timber merchant to come and get my timber at his price—fifty-five hundred roubles. The fifteen hundred roubles more will not impoverish the town.

"But it will impoverish the town's benefactor!"

"I'll still have my houses, stable, and the garden left."

"No, no! Reb Haym," cried the rabbi. "It's everybody's calamity—all should suffer alike—proportionately, of course. I—"

He clutched at his shirt and pulled it as if to give

his heart more beating space. Salomon caught him in his arms to prevent him from falling.

"God bless you all," murmured the patriarch.

His head dropped backward.

"Blessed be Thy judgment!" said Salomon.

Hearing the words thus spoken, the congregation knew that their rabbi was dead, and wept for him, but the wailing of the women rose dismally and drowned out everything else. In this commotion a voice was heard:

"There's a corpse here! Priests leave the synagogue!"

Several men hurried out. The lamentations grew louder.

"Do not bemoan his fate," Salomon said. "He was pious; he was a holy man. God called him to make him forget the humiliation of the knout."

"Oh what a holy man he was!" cried a man.

"Woe, woe upon us now!" wailed a woman.

"Who will teach us? Who will comfort us now?" another woman moaned.

"His presence alleviated our misery!" cried a young man.

"God spared him the agony that is awaiting us," contributed an old man.

"Are you envying him his death?" Salomon asked. "All our wretchedness and misery he suffered many times over. Carry him home, my brethren."

As many hands as could crowd in lifted the dead patriarch, and he was borne out. All except Salomon followed. He lowered himself on to a bench, closed his

eyes with his hands, and leaned back; but instantly he straightened, for the shoulder bruised by the knout was too sore to be pressed against the wood. As he nursed his injury, the thought of America entered his mind. Of late he had often thought of that new land. His affection for Rabbi Jacobs, however, had checked his impulse to break away. Now Providence had cut the one tie. Lissa without the venerable rabbi held nothing for him; and the thought of the knout made him wince with humiliation.

A red-haired, freckled youth of seventeen entered, and approached the lone man, too lost in reverie to notice him.

"Reb Haym!"

Salomon started.

"Forgive me, Reb Haym, for disturbing you."

"It doesn't matter," Salomon assured him. "I suppose you're starved, poor lad."

"Oh, Reb Haym, how can I think of food on a day like this?" the youth asked.

Salomon realized the boy was hurt. "I'm sure you can't feel hungry to-day," he replied. "But seeing you I recalled that the Berens left town yesterday—to-day is their day to feed you, isn't it?"

"It is, but I didn't miss the meals, Reb Haym."

Salomon nodded. "I know you didn't, Saul. It saddens me, though, to think that an orphan—and a student with qualifications to be a rabbi—could be so treated."

"I'm sure that Rabbi Jacobs, may his soul be blessed, missed many a meal when he was a student."

"And many more afterwards, too, Saul—so that some hungry person might be fed. And nothing he received he ever kept for himself. Think of him, when you are a rabbi."

"Shall I be a rabbi, Reb Haym?" the youth asked.

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I'm so undecided about it, Reb Haym," the youth confessed. "There are times when I pray to God to help me and make me worthy; but there are also hours of uncertainty. At such times I feel I should be a merchant. Perhaps I could become a rich merchant and help others as you do."

"Are you asking my advice?"

"Yes, Reb Haym. This is an unusual time for it, I know; but this is the only time I can speak. I am shaken up so much with all that has happened to-day that the words just come out without effort."

Salomon took his hand and made him sit beside him. "A merchant, Saul," he said, "is always in danger of being robbed of his money, or he might lose all he possesses in a bad business venture. Besides, you may never get rich. You have the qualifications to be a rabbi. Keep your mind on that and nothing else. There are already too many merchants and not enough spiritual leaders, whose erudition cannot be assessed."

"But Reb Haym, are mere qualifications, such as I have, enough?"

"I have faith in you, Saul," said Salomon.

Saul jumped up. "You have faith in me, Reb Haym," he cried joyfully. "What more, what better encouragement could I have asked for? I'll not be satisfied with

what I have already learned. I'll study; I'll prove myself worthy."

Salomon smiled benevolently. He was pleased with the youth's enthusiasm; Saul's outburst, however, made him feel old.

"Remember, Saul," he said, "this is a promise—a promise made in this holy place and on this eventful day. I'll leave the country shortly, but before I go, I'll provide for you."

"You're leaving us!" cried the youth. "Now that Rabbi Jacobs is dead, whom have we but you?"

"New times, Saul," said Salomon sadly, "need new leaders. I shall want to hear of your progress regularly in America."

"In America!"

"Yes, I'm going to America," Salomon replied. "America!" he repeated, for the word made him feel the thrill of the adventure he had decided to undertake.

"But it's a wilderness full of roaming savages," the youth protested.

"There are parts that are civilized," Salomon said.

"But there are no Jews—what will become of you—oh, Reb Haym!" And he began to cry.

"Now, now, Saul," Salomon hurried to reassure him, "there are Jews everywhere—and surely God is there."

"Yes, God is there— He's everywhere," Saul consoled himself.

"Yes, He's everywhere, Saul. Now go and join in the reading of the psalms for the dead rabbi's soul."

"Yes, Reb Haym," Saul replied obediently. But he was loath to go.

"Isn't there anything I can do for you, Reb Haym?" he asked.

Salomon shook his head. "No, Saul. I thank you, though."

Saul walked out quickly.

Alone again, Salomon's thoughts once more turned to America. "In a new world," he thought, "there must be new opportunities. And in colonies where a king was defied and forced to repeal a stamp act, the knout would not be tolerated."

Here the police lieutenant entered. He was soaked with rain, and shook off the water violently.

"It is surely your God who sent down this sudden deluge," he complained.

"There's no doubt about it," Salomon replied, descending from the dais. "And you're inviting more outbursts of His terrible anger by standing here bareheaded."

The lieutenant quickly replaced his cap. "I only wanted to throw off some of the water. I meant no disrespect. Honest, I didn't," he apologized.

"I believe you," Salomon absolved him.

"The captain calls me an idiot," the lieutenant explained, trying to dry the pools of water around him with his heavy boots, and causing oddly-shaped patches of mud. "But I say, I'd rather not provoke your God. I believe, I tell him, that any god is stronger than a simple police lieutenant."

Salomon smiled. "I wish," he said, "you were an inspector."

The lieutenant scratched his head. "I wasn't born to

be so mighty a personage," he said. "With the aid of a holy saint, I might some day be a captain. God knows I can serve our little father even were I a captain. I've had enough schooling.—Dear God, I clean forgot what I've come here for. I was looking for you."

Salomon became uneasy.

"It's the captain," the lieutenant explained. "He doesn't want your priest buried till the coroner sees the body."

"The coroner!"

"That's his order. I told it to them there, but they must have thought I accused them of murder. They raised the cry that they raised here."

"Why the coroner?" Salomon asked.

"The captain says he likes to know what the priest died from. It's too sudden to be natural, he thinks."

"Surely," Salomon said, "he can understand that. The rabbi was old and weak—too old for the captain's whip."

The lieutenant crossed himself. Just then there was a crash of thunder followed by a flash of lightning. Frightened, he caught Salomon's arms and pleaded. "Save me, save me! I forgot I mustn't cross myself."

"God understands," Salomon assured him.

The lieutenant looked at the window. "He does understand!" he cried a little later. "Look, it's clearing up! I'd better go now before something happens to me!"

"I'm coming with you," Salomon said. "I want to talk to your captain."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "All right. But if you think you can make him change his mind,

you're mistaken. When he gets tired listening to appeals he takes his knout and plays with it, and if you don't stop, he strikes you."

"The knout?" Salomon asked thoughtfully. "Well!" He placed his hands in his pocket and brought out a few bills. "There," he said, and handed the lieutenant five roubles. "Take this for your trouble. Go ahead now and inform him that it's against our custom to perform an autopsy, and that I'm on the way to call on him and to convince him it's unnecessary in this case."

The lieutenant accepted the money joyfully. "Oh, thank you," he said, genuinely grateful. "My wife has been nagging me for a dress since we've come here. I'll do all I can. But I see you know how to make him listen."

He was gone. Salomon counted his money, placed most of it in his coat pocket, and several times rehearsed the method of handing it over effectively to the captain.

CHAPTER II

Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem.

Someone was pulling Salomon's arm. He opened his eyes to find his friend standing beside him.

"We're in, friend Salomon," he said. "Come, wake up. Pour some cold water on your head." He took his arm and led him to a trough of cold sea water.

Salomon washed his head and face vigorously and felt refreshed.

"Ah," his friend said, "now you look fit to begin the struggle in the New World."

"I'm still a little confused," Salomon confessed.

At the landing Salomon looked about him. How puny and insignificant this New York was, compared with the magic city of which he had a vague memory.

"Let us not tarry," his friend said.

Salomon roused himself from his reveries and held out his hand.

"Forgive me for detaining you," he begged. "God bless you and protect you. I cannot recall your name, and I should like to remember it."

The man took Salomon's outstretched hand and replied:

"I'm your friend Aaron Franks, and you are coming with me—ah, Rachel!"

A young woman had rushed up to him and thrown her arms about his neck.

"Uncle Aaron, dear uncle, how glad I am to see you back," she cried.

"Anxious for your London outfit?" he asked, and kissed her.

"You're as good a tease as you're an uncle," she replied coyly.

Salomon felt dizzy and closed his eyes. A soft hand was on his forehead. Was it Rachel's? Was he standing up, or lying on his back? After a struggle he succeeded in opening his eyes. Someone was bending over him. A woman in white. Who was she? Where was his bride, Rachel? Was she his bride? Was he the patriot Haym Salomon, or was he the immigrant dreaming that he was the patriot? He closed his eyes wearily to find himself at an office in Wall Street writing a letter to give intelligence to the Revolutionary army.

"The enemy," he wrote, "has received a reinforcement at New York of about three thousand British and foreign troops. General Clinton has called in guides who belong about Croton River; he has ordered hard bread to be baked. The troops are now under marching orders. I think it is highly probable the designs of the enemy are against the posts of the Highlands, or of some parts of the counties of Westchester or Duchess. The ships are drawn up in the river." He sealed it, gave it to a trusty patriot, and went home. There his wife ran to meet him.

"They're after you, Haym!" she cried. "The English are looking for you! Run away! For my sake save yourself!"

Salomon kissed her ardently. "I cannot run away, dear Rachel," he said. "If they're looking for me, it's too late to try to escape. They'll—"

The door burst open and a squad of red-coats entered.

"You're under arrest, Haym Salomon, as a traitor to his Majesty, King George III," said the sergeant.

Rachel threw herself into his arms and refused to let go until she was forcibly separated from him.

"Where are you taking me?" Salomon asked, after they had led him out of the house.

"You'll know soon enough," replied the sergeant.

"I know it's disagreeable work," Salomon said. "But don't be so sullen about it. If you will allow me to use my hands you shall have enough for a few drinks to cheer you up."

"You're a prisoner after me own 'eart," cried the sergeant. "We're taking you to the 'Provost.'"

"Don't worry, the place is so packed that there's no room for another body. Small as yours is, it can't be squeezed into there," a member of the squad volunteered.

"You wouldn't think there are so many fools, would you?" another one said.

"I call it stupid, that's what I call it—trying to rebel against the King of England," added a third.

"Hold your tongues," said the sergeant authoritatively.

They brought him to the Provost. A prison guard took charge of him and opened a low, narrow door of a noisy room.

"Get back there!" he shouted to the prisoners.

"Can't!" several voices replied.

The guard, using his shoulder, forced the prisoners back from the door, pushed Salomon in, and closed the door.

Salomon found himself in a large dark room inhaling foul air, being stepped upon, elbowed, and pushed.

"Don't worry," a voice told him. "We don't stay here very long."

"That's good news," replied Salomon.

"You just lie down and die," the same voice continued.

"Well," said Salomon, "when the time comes for one to die for freedom—"

"Die in battle, that I am willing, but to rot away like this—"

A pitiful groan interrupted the voice.

"Anybody sick here?" asked Salomon.

"Everybody who's been here for a week or over," said the voice. "That groan comes from the death corner. When one feels too far gone, he crawls over there. The poor fellow you heard groaning will be dead before the day is over."

"No medical help?"

"Medical help! Wait for the night."

"What happens at night?"

"Wait and see."

Now accustomed to the light, Salomon made his way

to the "death corner." He found the groaning man propped against the brick wall.

"You're new here?" the dying man asked.

"Yes," replied Salomon.

The man sighed.

"Can I do anything to make you feel more comfortable?" Salomon asked.

"I'd like to die lying flat on my back," sighed the man. "My feet outstretched," he continued when he recovered his breath; "they're so long—someone is sure to step on 'em," he concluded with a groan.

Salomon placed the man on his back and asked three men to stand astride the long legs to protect them.

"Now," begged the man. "My coat as a pillow."

Salomon took off his own coat and placed it under the man's head. The man tried to protest, but he was too weak. He breathed heavily a few times, made an effort to raise himself, and then his body relaxed. He was dead.

"Another corpse!" shouted one who was standing astride the dead man's legs.

Those near the door began banging on it, shouting: "Someone died!" "Dead man here!" "Get the body out!"

After a long time the door opened and a guard said:

"Hand the corpse out."

Salomon watched the body lifted overhead and passed from groups of raised hands to other groups until it reached the door and disappeared.

"I'll be next," he heard a voice. "To-morrow you will be passing me out."

No one answered.

"Fellow-sufferers," a man near Salomon suggested, "let's go to sleep."

"Yes, yes, yes!" many voices agreed.

Salomon began to wonder how all could crowd together on the ground. He soon discovered that they had to lie so wedged in as to form almost a solid mass of bodies. The hard, wet ground made him feel very uncomfortable. He turned, and all the others had to turn at the same time. After what he thought was an hour he turned again, and again all the other prisoners had to turn with him at the same time.

"Hey, there!" a voice protested. "Choose the side you want to sleep on for good, will you?"

"Keep still there," another voice spoke up. "Give his bones a chance to get used to this."

Salomon did not dare stir again. But after hours of torture some other person turned.

In the morning his body was bruised, his arms ached, and he felt dizzy.

"The disease that'll snuff us all out is getting him early," he heard one whispering to another.

A man had already crawled to the death corner and was moaning. Salomon wondered whether he would be the third man there. He thought of his wife and little child.

"My death," he reflected, "will make no difference in the outcome of the struggle. And yet to die so soon!

No one will know—poor Rachel, she doesn't even talk the English language fluently. But my son—when he grows up he will have a right to say: 'I belong here. My father died in a foul prison to plant freedom here for his seed.'"

The day passed, and several more days. Salomon grew weaker and suffered dizzy spells more frequently. But one morning as he had lost all hope, and was thinking of the death corner as a haven, the door opened and a guard demanded, "Those prisoners that know some languages step up here." Salomon pushed his way to the door.

The guard looked at the little man, pale, ragged, and standing with difficulty.

"What languages do you know?" he asked.

"French, Italian, Spanish—" Salomon stopped for breath.

"You're crazy," said the guard.

"Polish, Russian, and German," concluded Salomon.

"You're crazy," insisted the guard. "But I'll take you to the Germans. If they find out that you were lying, this prison will be too good for you. Come along."

Salomon followed the guard, who turned him over to another guard, a German, who brought him to a Hessian captain.

"You speak our language?" the officer inquired.

"And a few other languages."

"French?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you read and write them?"

"Yes, sir."

The officer handed him a paper. "Can you read this?"

Salomon read: "His excellency, General Heister would be pleased to have—"

"You'll do," said the captain. "The general will be pleased."

General Heister was more than pleased. "To think that a man with his linguistic knowledge was in jail," he said to the captain. He turned to Salomon. "How long were you there?"

"It must have been weeks," Salomon replied. "I cannot tell."

"Oh," said the general. Then, as if suddenly aware of Salomon's shaky state, "You will need rest and good food, a good deal of both perhaps, before you can get to work."

"I have a wife and a little child," Salomon began.

"We shall have to send for them, I suppose," the general interrupted him. "You'll have to be given greater liberties now. You shall have a position in the commissary department. Sit down—catch him, captain."

Salomon, feeling dizzy, had grasped the back of a chair, but he was slowly sinking to the floor.

The sympathetic captain caught him and led him out into an outer room, where he revived him with a few drops of brandy.

"Another week there," said the captain, "and there would have been little left of you."

"There isn't much left of me now," Salomon replied.

"Enough to be helpful to the English—lucky devils that they are—they needed an interpreter pretty badly."

"I see that you are no great friend of the English," Salomon ventured.

The officer twirled his mustache, smiled, and said:

"Well, I'm not fond of oppressors."

"You're a lover of liberty—an idealist! What are you doing here?" Salomon asked. Then added quickly, "That is, if you will permit a rather treasonable question."

"It is not new to me," the captain replied. "I've been asking myself this very question." He looked down at his boots and shrugged his shoulders. "We'll talk about that some other time. You need rest now."

"Yes," agreed Salomon. "I wonder," he added, "whether my new position entitles me to soap and water."

The captain nodded. "I'll see that you get new clothes, too," he said. "Can you walk?"

For answer Salomon jumped up.

"You're still shaky," said the captain, as Salomon staggered. He took his arm and asked: "How old are you?"

"Thirty-six," Salomon replied.

"Perhaps," the captain speculated, "you'll look nearer your age when you've had your hair cut, a bath, and rest."

An orderly appeared. The captain gave him the necessary instruction and in less than an hour Salomon found himself clean, but tired, in a large soft bed. He closed his eyes, and felt himself lifted onto a stretcher and carried. "I wonder where they're taking me," he thought. He heard a voice, and realized that someone

was speaking to him, but he was too weary to listen and went to sleep.

When he awoke he found himself in a strange room. The captain entered and greeted him with:

"Feel better now?"

"Very much better. But where are my wife and child?"

"Your wife and child?"

"Were they not sent for?"

"Evidently, my friend, you have been dreaming, though you haven't slept so very long."

"It seems to me that I've slept quite a long time. It was noon when I left the prison. Apparently this is the next morning."

The captain smiled. "You must have lived over in your dream your prison experience," he said. "You've been out of the Provost over four months."

"Over four months?" Salomon's mind became confused with vague memories. A blizzard, an immigration inspector, Rachel, and the prison with its death corner flashed through his mind. He rubbed his forehead and opened his eyes. There was the captain looking at him.

"Something is wrong with me," Salomon complained. "My memory is all but gone, or rather I have too many memories."

"Don't worry," said the captain. "This is not the first time your memory failed you. It has lapsed several times since you have been with us. But it always comes back stronger. The physician ascribes it to the malady which you contracted in prison."

"What have I been doing these months you say I

was out of the Provost?" Salomon asked. "All I remember is that General Heister said he would let me work in the commissary."

"That's where you've been working," replied the captain. "I've often warned you to be careful. An hour ago the general summoned you and threatened to turn you over to the English. You have become obnoxious to them."

"I've been obnoxious to them since they threw me into prison," said Salomon. "But why was the general vexed with me?"

"Don't you remember that you were often called to be a jail interpreter, and you have helped many prisoners to escape? The general, however, can overlook that. He's furious because he suspects you of stirring up discontent among the officers. His best men have resigned. I know that you have not only induced them to do so, but even paid their way back to Europe."

Salomon began to remember. "Yes," he said. "And you, captain, are my friend."

"Your memory is coming back," said the captain. "Perhaps you will recall what I told you about myself —how I feel about this business. I'm here because a petty, wretched grand duke sold me to King George. I have no quarrel with the Colonial army, but I won't resign. It was contemptible of the English king to buy soldiers, and I feel degraded that I'm among those he bought. That feeling of degradation has produced a poison in me, which I must throw off by remaining in the employ of King George and doing all I can to help your cause."

Salomon nodded.

"In the hour you've slept," continued the captain, "I've persuaded the general to let you slip away quietly."

"To dispense with my services and not to turn me over to the English?" Salomon asked.

"Yes, my friend."

"This is too good to be real. Am I dreaming again? So many things have happened to me in my dreams that I'm never quite certain whether I'm asleep or awake."

"You're awake now," the captain assured him. "I've convinced the general that it's only a question of weeks before the English find out what you're doing and take you away to hang you. When that happens, I pointed out to him, he will lose you and several of his officers, who would resign as a protest. He realized the truth of my arguments and agreed to send you with a message to Colonel Rall, who is stationed at Trenton."

"If that message is—" Salomon began.

"It's just greetings," the captain interrupted him with a smile. "I shouldn't dream of sending you with a message that would harm your cause."

"Forgive me," Salomon said. "I should have known better than to think that."

"I forgive you," replied the captain. "But to continue. When you have delivered that message, you can consider yourself free to go where you please. Washington's lines are stretched along the right bank of the Delaware. You might be useful to him. But—" he hesitated. "His situation is hopeless," he concluded.

"Desperate, but not hopeless," Salomon replied sadly.

"You've translated the report of the English spies," said the captain. "Knowing the facts, you must be aware of conditions there. Men without shoes, stockings, or blankets do not constitute an army. If the enemy doesn't conquer them, starvation and the cold will kill them off before the winter is over."

"God will help them," said Salomon.

"Perhaps your God will," replied the captain. "Once He divided the waters of the Red Sea."

Salomon wondered, nevertheless he refrained from asking the captain to explain the cryptic sentence. He realized its significance, however, when he reached his destination. The town was within a few hundred yards of the river, over which Washington had undisputed control. But the river was not navigable, for it was filled with solid ice drifting everywhere menacingly. And yet Salomon had a vague feeling that Washington would cross it and attack successfully. "It must be a dream still lingering in my memory," he thought, as he stood before Colonel Rall and remembered that he had once had a vision of the colonel's death.

"This," said Rall, rousing Salomon from his reverie, "is merely the general's compliments. There must be more to it."

"There's nothing else," Salomon replied.

"Yes, there is," insisted Rall. "What is it? Let me hear it, no matter how unintelligible it may seem to you."

"I have no other message," Salomon said.

"You look a little drunk," Rall smiled. "Go on now and sleep it off—you'll recall the message later."

As Salomon was leaving, Colonel Rall turned to one of his officers. "I presume I was warned again to be careful," he speculated. "Another reminder, perhaps, to be sure to intrench. We want no trenches. If they come we will go at them with our bayonets. A mob attacking is not afraid of small fortifications—they're much more afraid to meet steel."

"He has no premonition of his death," Salomon thought. "But why should I believe that my dreams are prophetic? Oh, well," he concluded, "Christmas is only one day away. I shall know soon enough."

He rose before daybreak on the eventful day. All Trenton seemed to be sleeping peacefully. King Street, where most of the officers were quartered, was especially quiet. Salomon had observed the beautiful houses, comfortably built of stone with an upper floor of wood, standing in enclosed plots of ground, surrounded by elms, black oaks, and hickories. "What a place for skirmishing," he reflected, as he walked rapidly toward the village of Hopewell. An inhabitant of that township, whom he had helped to escape, had, on meeting him in Trenton, whispered that a hint had got abroad that Washington was expected to come, and that all the able-bodied men would turn out to meet him and show him that Hopewell was doing well by his hopes.

Salomon smiled as he recalled how proud the man was of his pun on the name Hopewell.

As he walked on he met an advance detachment of artillerymen, who carried spikes, hammers, and drag-

ropes. "They want to disable or secure the enemy's cannons," Salomon thought.

He continued, and at last came upon the main army. Apparently a halt had been called, and the soldiers were gulping down their food. Washington was breakfasting in the saddle. He sat on his chestnut-colored horse sunk in thought, hardly aware of the fact that he was munching on something. Suddenly he roused himself, dropped his unfinished meal on the frozen ground, and gave the order to reform the ranks. As he rode away, a man stooped down, picked up the leavings, and shared them with two others.

The formation was slow, as all were too tired to move, and many had fallen asleep and could be roused only with great difficulty. But when at last they were on their way, they marched quickly, though wearily. Two men had to be left behind. They had been frozen to death. Washington rode on, keeping pace with his men. He was still sunk in thought. Now and then he would straighten himself and say sternly, "Press on." Then he would look about him, see foot-sore men stumbling on, leaving traces of blood in the snow, and add softly: "We must press on. There's no time to be lost."

It was now broad daylight, almost eight in the morning. Trenton, however, was only about a quarter of a mile away and nothing seemed to be stirring there. The Hessians evidently were still sleeping off the effects of the Christmas celebration. Of a sudden there was an outburst of firing. General Greene's skirmishers had surprised an outpost. The struggle did not last long.

Before the officers in charge of the enemy could organize an effective defense, the attackers were upon them and they had to give way.

About the same time General Sullivan was driving back the pickets stationed on the Pennington road, and Greene's other brigade had reached the northern entrance of Trenton. There General Mercer turned off the road, joined Sullivan, and attacked the western end of the town. General Sterling meanwhile had come up from the rear with his Southern infantry and drawn up his battalion at the junction of the two main streets.

The surprise attack was successful, though the Hessians had still to be met and defeated. An iron ring had been drawn. Colonel Rall, shaken out of his bed, threw himself into his uniform and rushed out. One glance at the positions taken by the Revolutionary army, and he immediately realized the desperate situation of his troops. There was no room in the streets for manœuvering his men into an advantageous position. And already the houses were being occupied by sharpshooters, who were picking off Hessian officers with fatal results. A heavy rain mixed with sleet began to fall. Gunpowder smoke, shots, shrieks, and shouts filled the streets. Rall, hatless, his coat unbuttoned, jumped upon his horse, and galloping among his men urged them to fight. Two American soldiers, who had hammered their way into a house with the butts of their guns, fired at him from an upper window, and he fell off his horse.

There was very little fighting after that. The Hessians gathered in an orchard, but could not make a

stand. Their muskets had been spoiled by the rain, their courage had been shocked out of them, their heavy guns were either useless or no more theirs. They fled again, attempting to escape by the bridge over the Assunpink Creek. Sullivan, however, had taken possession of it. They surrendered, and the fighting was over.

Colonel Rall was still living. Salomon with the aid of two old men carried him to his quarters. There his wounds were dressed and he recovered sufficiently to ask:

"Is it all over?"

Salomon was the only one who understood him. He hesitated telling him the truth.

"It is all over—as it is over with me," he said. "Please find a slip of paper in my pocket."

Salomon found it and handed it to him.

"Read it!" he commanded. Then added: "My authority is no more. It's a dying man's request."

Salomon read: "Washington will cross the river and attack at daybreak."

"The gods have wrought this victory," he murmured.

"It was God's will that you ignored this warning," Salomon tried to console him.

"I didn't read it. It was brought to me last night. I put it into my pocket and forgot about it."

A young American officer entered to announce that his excellency General Washington was coming to take the wounded officer's parole of honor.

"Act as the interpreter," Rall begged, turning to Salomon.

Washington entered, with Greene. Rall saluted.

"I am grieved to see you wounded, General," said Washington sympathetically.

"Thank you, your excellency," replied Rall.

"I hope you will recover quickly," Washington said. "You will not find us wanting in respect due your rank."

"I shall never recover, your excellency," Rall smiled sadly. "But I am most anxious for my men, now your prisoners."

"Rest assured," Washington promised him, "that they will be treated as humanely as possible."

The interview was over. Salomon escorted the two generals to the door. As they were leaving, Washington turned to him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"A patriot, your excellency," Salomon replied.

"A German?"

"A Polish Jew."

Washington nodded and walked away. Greene followed his chief out and closed the door.

Salomon returned to New York and conducted his business unmolested. He sheltered patriots, bribed keepers to get them out of prison, when that was possible, and regularly sent small sums of money to Washington with the words: "A little aid for a big cause, from an unknown patriot to the most distinguished patriot." On one occasion Washington expressed a wish to know who the modest friend of the Revolution was. Salomon replied that he would avail himself of the opportunity and visit him at headquarters.

Washington was wintering at Valley Forge. Salomon

reached it when conditions were such, that by actual count two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men were found unfit for duty because they were barefooted and otherwise naked. Washington had written a letter to the President of Congress in which he complained that no man had ever been impeded more than he by the commissariat. He ended the letter: "However, although they seem to have little feeling for the distressed soldiers, I feel abundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

Salomon did not know the content of the letter, but he saw how scantily clad the men were and how frozen and starved they appeared to be. They were all housed, for Washington had offered a prize of one hundred dollars in gold to the first squad to finish its hut; and that had brought about the completion of the cabins in an amazingly short time. But except for the huts there was little else in camp for the soldiers. Salomon knew that shoes, stockings, and clothing, as well as food, were lying at different places on the roads, rotting for want of teams or money to pay the teamsters. And it was no secret to him that the Conway cabal was strongly intrenched and working against the commander-in-chief. The cabal had not as yet dared to work openly against Washington; but the new Board of War was composed of men who were placing every obstacle in his way in an effort to force his resignation. This, plus the unscrupulousness of some of the merchants, had resulted in the wretched condition of the soldiers.

Washington was agreeably surprised to see who the modest patriot was. "You are the Polish Jew!" he said.

"Your excellency's memory of people and faces is known to me," replied Salomon, "nevertheless I feel highly honored."

"I can understand your zeal for freedom," said Washington. "You, of course, know your brave compatriots Pulaski and Kosciusko."

"I know them," Salomon admitted.

Washington smiled. "They have received financial aid from an unknown friend."

Salomon was silent.

"I feel it is my duty to inform them who that mysterious person is," Washington continued.

Salomon bowed.

Washington looked at him, and observed for the first time that his visitor was embarrassed, that he was bent, which made him unusually short, but his features stood out prominently. He recalled Kosciusko's description of the Jews as a race still retaining the spark kindled by the ancient prophets of Israel. "They're the fiercest revolutionists and the most ardent patriots when they're aroused," the Pole had said. "They are maltreated and blamed for everything evil, but never receive approbation."

"Tell me, my modest patriot," Washington said, wishing to put Salomon at his ease, "how do matters stand in New York?"

"He is condescending now," Salomon thought, but he replied respectfully:

"New York, your excellency, is loyal. Your personal enemies are resorting to all sorts of insidious tricks to destroy the confidence the patriots have in you, but without much success."

"You are referring to certain letters apparently written by me, showing that I am lukewarm to the cause?" Washington asked.

"Yes, your excellency. Some of them were distributed freely in New York—in the form of handbills. I have a copy of one."

"Destroy it," said Washington, authoritatively. Then he added: "I have been apprised of their contents and have seen copies. It is a contrivance to answer the most diabolical purposes of my enemies. But it is peculiarly my wish not to take notice of them."

"I am very sorry, your excellency," Salomon began.

"You have done quite well," Washington interrupted him. "Let us, however, return to the business of the day. You have given me ample proof of your devotion to our interests. I am therefore charging you with the duty of harassing the enemy in New York. I shall leave you to devise means and methods which are not inconsistent with your safety and honor."

Back in New York, Salomon, with the aid of a few ardent sympathizers, began a campaign to burn ships and warehouses. It was a systematic and careful campaign, but one of his reports to Washington was intercepted by Sir Henry Clinton on his way from Philadelphia to New York. Clinton ordered him brought before him.

"Here is the report you have sent to your chief," Clinton said, and handed him the paper.

Salomon did not reply.

"This is sufficient evidence to hang you to-morrow," Clinton continued.

Salomon remained silent.

"You will hang at sunrise to-morrow, unless you decide to give us some helpful information," Clinton concluded.

"If it be God's will that I hang to-morrow, I shall hang to-morrow," Salomon said.

"Listen to reason," said Clinton. "I liked the manner of your report; it was too intelligent for the average spy. I took the trouble to send someone to investigate you. I know who and what you are; and I know that you are an escaped prisoner. But I am willing to overlook everything in exchange for the information you have of Washington's plans."

"I know nothing of his plans," Salomon said.

"You are a successful merchant; you have money, a wife, and a child. Think of them before you answer again."

"I know that your excellency is not so heartless as to strike an innocent child or his equally innocent mother."

"I shall not harm your wife and child," Clinton said. "But when you are sentenced to death, your money will have to be confiscated, and your wife and child will be bereaved of a father and a husband and be left penniless in these perilous times."

"God will protect them," Salomon replied.

"God will not, if you will not," said Clinton. "You have three minutes to decide. You have life and freedom on one side, torture and ignoble death on the other. What will you choose?"

"What your excellency would have chosen were he so unfortunate as to be in my place," Salomon said.

"I did not ask you for a riddle," Clinton shouted.

"Your excellency would have chosen to die rather than to betray his country," Salomon insisted.

"What are you prattling about?—You have no country; you have been here only a few years—and prospered under the existing government."

"I am sorry," Salomon replied. "I do not wish to annoy your excellency. I am merely trying to state my case as emphatically as I know how."

"A spy has no case to state. He dies unless he buys his life with information."

Salomon was silent.

"Take him away," Clinton ordered.

As Salomon was being led away, Clinton said: "Perhaps you will hang more comfortably if you know that I would not have allowed you to give me any information, had you consented to do so; I promised you freedom to prove something."

Salomon was placed in a dungeon, where he was chained to a wall and tortured until he fell unconscious.

"You will die in the morning," a guard told him, when he came to.

A little later, his friend, the German captain, appeared.

"They mean to finish you off quickly this time," the captain whispered.

"I'd rather die than be tortured," said Salomon.

"There's still a way out—bribery," the captain consoled him. "The guard has agreed to accept two hundred pounds."

"I have that much money—my wife knows—"

"She gave me two hundred and twenty-five—all she had. Here they are—the larger roll is the two hundred. You must flee the city. No leave-taking. Here's a paper that will take you across the river. As soon as you're in Jersey destroy it and make your way to safety as best you can. Five minutes after I leave give the two hundred to the guard and walk out."

"My wife—she's penniless," Salomon began.

"Nothing can be gained by considering her now," the captain interrupted.

When the captain left, Salomon waited what he thought was five minutes, handed the guard the two hundred pounds, and walked out.

No one stopped him until he reached the ferry, where the letter stating that he was on a secret mission for the Hessians was accepted in good faith, and he was ferried across. From Jersey he made his way to Philadelphia without incident.

CHAPTER III

And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy grain, because the famine was sore in all the earth.

After wandering about Philadelphia for two days, Salomon addressed the following memorial to Congress:

To the Honorable the Continental Congress:

The Memorial of Haym Salomon late of the city of New York, Merchant, humbly sheweth—

That your Memorialist was some time before the Entry of the British Troops at the City of New York and soon after taken up as a spy and by General Robertson committed to the Provost. That by the interposition of Lieut. General Heister (who wanted him on account of his knowledge in the French, Polish, Russian, Italian &c Languages) he was given over to the Hessian Commander who appointed him as purveyor chiefly for the officers. That being at New York he has been of great Service to the French and American Prisoners and has assisted them with money and helped them to make their escape. That this and his close connexions with such of the Hessian offi-

cers as were inclined to resign has rendered him at last so obnoxious to the British Head Quarters that he was rearrested and on Tuesday the 11th inst. he has made his happy Escape from thence.

Your Memorialist has upon this event most irrecoverably lost all his Effects and Credits to the amount of Five or Six thousand pounds sterling and left his distressed wife and a child of a month old at New York waiting that they may soon have an opportunity to come out from thence with empty hands.

In these circumstances he most humbly prayeth to grant him any employ in the way of his business whereby he may be enabled to support himself and family—And your Memorialist in duty bound &c. &c. HAYM SALOMON

Congress ignored the appeal. Friends, however, whom he had helped in his prosperous days, came to his assistance. With their aid he started anew. Conditions were bad, but Salomon either found or created opportunities to employ his financial skill. Within a few months he reestablished himself in business, and in less than a year he had more than tripled the sum confiscated by the British in New York.

As soon as he was able, Salomon began again to contribute to the Revolutionary cause. And there was extreme need for his financial support. The army at Morristown was in no better condition than it had been the previous winter at Valley Forge. The war was

conducted by issues of Continental bills, which very few believed would ever be redeemed.

It was at that time that Baron Steuben felt the pinch of necessity; and Washington, having received a letter from Salomon, expressing eagerness to be of service to the army by relieving the financial distress of some deserving officers, sent the Baron to Philadelphia to consult with Salomon.

"I have come to you," Baron Steuben began the interview, "not as a man begging for charity, but as one patriot to another."

"I am fully aware of the situation," Salomon replied. "You are of inestimable value to the Revolution as a soldier; I am trying to do something for the cause in the only way I know how. You are embarrassed financially because Congress is in no position to discharge its obligation to you. Congress, of course, should have had the authority to levy taxes on those who are able to bear the burden of the revenue required for the struggle. Unfortunately it is not expedient to have it so. But I should not feel that I have done my duty by my adopted country unless I made up in some measure for this faulty arrangement; and I cannot think of anything better than to compensate the soldiers."

"If I were not afraid of offending your modesty I should place you on the high pedestal among the very great patriots, where you properly belong. But compliments, no doubt, will embarrass you, and as I have come to ask to be favored with your generosity I

shall say nothing more, except state the nature of my distress."

"I can appreciate the nature of your distress and you will spare yourself as well as me by not going into it. Instead I suggest that you name the sum necessary to relieve you."

"I am deeply in debt; I shall need one thousand pounds to breathe freely again."

"You shall have it," said Salomon.

"I accept it as a loan, please remember that," Steuben said, when he received the money. "I hope to pay you back when the soldiers will have received their pay from a free and grateful nation enjoying peace and plenty. But," he concluded with a sweep of military fatalism, "if it be my lot to fall before that time, I expect Congress to honor this debt, contracted as it is to pay for my bare necessities."

When he was gone Salomon compared him in his thoughts to General Heister. "Both are quite human," he reflected. "What brings the two into opposite camps? Circumstances, most likely. Heister certainly could have been induced to fight for the Americans if the consideration offered him were sufficiently tempting. Steuben is different. He has humility which Heister lacks completely."

Casimir Pulaski was the next caller. Congress had authorized him to raise a Pulaski legion, he explained. Sixty-eight light-horse and two hundred foot-soldiers were ready to take up arms with him as leader. But until he could collect sufficient money to equip them

he could do nothing. Would not his countryman, Salomon, do something to help him get the money?

Salomon said he would be happy to see a legion bearing his countryman's name. He promised his financial support, and Pulaski did not have to remind him of the promise.

Meanwhile Washington's army was suffering and growing discontented. The soldiers had not received any pay for five months. This, followed by lack of food, had driven them to thoughts of mutiny. Two regiments assembled, beat their drums, struck down a colonel, and were for getting food at the point of the bayonet. They were finally persuaded to return to their quarters. But it was very likely that they would break out again and that other regiments would join them. Washington was greatly concerned. That, he felt, could not happen again without fatally demoralizing the entire army. He must have bread for his hungry troops, and the quickest way to secure it was to make an appeal for hard money. After musing on the patriots who would be likely to heed his call for help, he despatched a message to Salomon appealing to him to provide $400,000 in specie. The messenger found Salomon in the synagogue, for it was on Yom Kippur eve. The pious Jew on that eve, in the hope of coming as close to his God as possible, refrains from thinking of anything that is not spiritual. Salomon was a pious man, but he halted the services and apprised the congregation of the message.

The congregation was shocked to hear a financial matter mentioned.

"Reb Salomon," an old man with his face as white as his beard said, "how can you speak of this unmentionable subject within these holy walls to-night! Oh, how Satan is laughing gleefully; and all the angels who are struggling to prevent his tales of our wickedness to reach the Seat of Judgment must be weeping!"

"Let us pray, and God will forgive us, as He will forgive all our other sins," the rabbi said.

"My brethren," Salomon insisted, "we cannot return to our prayers while many thousands who are fighting so that we may pray in safety are starving. Remember that we are a people in exile, and that this is our haven, which is as yet unsecured."

"But it is only a matter of twenty-four hours," someone cried.

"It is a matter of life and death, and twenty-four hours may prove as fatal as twenty-four years," Salomon argued.

"We are a small number here. And to discuss money matters now may be a sin too terrible to forgive in the eyes of our God," another old man pleaded.

"Selfishness only, I believe, is a sin that God finds difficult to forgive," said Salomon. "But we have no time to discuss. We must act." Noticing that the congregation was still undecided, he added: "You all know the story of Esther. When she refused to go to the king to plead for her people, Mordecai answered, 'Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then will

relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house will perish!' Washington might quote Mordecai. He might say that if we do not help the Continental army now, relief and deliverance will come to them from another place, and that we must not expect to profit by the liberty gained. Should that happen, my friends, for the first time in our long history of suffering a country would arise and feel justified in persecuting us and driving us forth. Mordecai added something else, which is pertinent here. He asked, 'Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' Yes, who knows that we have not come to this land for a time like this? Perhaps it was God's will for us to be here to help plant the seed of liberty for our children and children's children; and that the children's children of our people throughout the world might come here to seek religious freedom and gather strength for the reestablishing of our lost glory?"

There was silence. Then the rabbi spoke. "My people," he said, "I hear an inner voice decrying our unwillingness to come immediately to the aid of the starving army. Let us repair this loss of time by raising the amount necessary as quickly as possible."

The congregation gathered around Salomon and each one pledged as much as he could, but the sum did not exceed $160,000.

Salomon added $240,000 and sent the money to Washington on the following morning. Philadelphia immediately began to feel the withdrawal of so much specie from circulation. In a few days the distress

was extreme. Salomon was appealed to again, and he caused $2000 in coin to be distributed among the poor.

"You will soon be left penniless yourself," his wife remonstrated. "You're overworking yourself—and you aren't strong. What if you should get ill, may God forbid? You don't expect Congress to come to your aid, I hope."

Salomon smiled, and patted her shoulders with caressing strokes. He knew he was weak; that he could refuse himself and her, because she was a part of him, things he considered luxuries; but he could not hold out against appeals for help.

Salomon's kindness and his interest in the Revolution and in the men who were conducting it, were well known in Philadelphia. General Arnold at that time was in extremity. First he had gone to the French minister, to whom he recited the wretched state of his private affairs.

The French minister listened sympathetically, and expressed a hope that matters would right themselves soon. Arnold, however, wanted more than mere words. He suggested that he would consider a loan as a debt of honor to be paid as speedily as possible, and to be remembered should the King of France ever have occasion to want the attachment and gratitude of an American general of his rank and influence.

"When an envoy of a foreign nation," the French minister had replied, "gives, or if you will, lends money, it is ordinarily to corrupt those who receive it, and to make them the creatures of the sovereign

whom he serves; or rather he corrupts without persuading; he buys and does not secure. But the league entered into between the King and the United States, is the work of justice and of the wisest policy. It has for its basis a reciprocal interest and good-will. In the mission with which I am charged, my true glory consists in fulfilling it without intrigue or cabal; without resorting to any secret practices; and by the force alone of the conditions of the alliance." Whereupon Arnold had repaired to Salomon.

"I've heard you called the big friend of the Revolutionists," he said.

Salomon smiled, and looked at his visitor, whose eyes were bright with resentment.

"My presence here," continued Arnold, "I suppose, is self-explanatory to you. I am in financial straits."

Salomon nodded encouragingly.

"I have come to you because unless I am able to extricate myself, I shall be forced to abandon my profession as soldier."

"A general worthy of the rank will never desert the army," Salomon said.

Arnold's eyes flashed inquiringly at Salomon. There were impatience and resentment in the furrows of the brow, and in the quiver of the lips, which were forming to fling a stinging rebuke at the little Jew as one easily carried away by the mob; but another glance at the pale, passive face of the man slouched low in the chair made him bite back the hot words of anger. He spoke instead of the hardships of his case, and the persecution he had undergone at the hands of the State of Penn-

sylvania; and how ungrateful the country was to him who had given to her the utmost of his ability and a leg to boot.

"It's a keen disappointment," replied Salomon. "I known. I, too, once gave all that I had, and when I was penniless, there was no aid from Congress. But these are times when a man must give all he has to the Revolution and not expect any return."

Arnold jumped up and banged the table with his heavy cane. "You forget yourself, sir Jew," he cried. "I will not allow you to lecture me."

"Be seated, please," Salomon begged. "I didn't mean to lecture you. I was merely trying to find excuses for Congress."

Arnold sank back in his chair. "This infernal worry is making a wild man out of me," he sighed. "I am subjected to outbursts and emotions that are tossing me as though I were a boat in a stormy sea. If I were physically well and could rejoin the army for active service in the field, I should feel safely anchored. But my wounds are such that I cannot walk or ride. I have a letter from General Schuyler, who writes me that the Commander expressed a desire to do whatever was agreeable to me; he dwelt on my abilities, sufferings, and on the well-earned claim I have on our country; and he intimated that as soon as his arrangement for the campaign should take place, he would properly consider me. But meanwhile I am a crippled man, without funds, with many enemies, and nursing a grievance against the country I should love."

"When you are well enough to win glory on the

battlefield again, you'll feel differently," Salomon said. "Ingratitude, neglect or what not of human nature are not always the worst thing for us. Society is so constituted that it lives by human mistakes. But that is neither here nor there. I shall be in a position to relieve your distress in about three days. I sent most of the coin money away to the Commander. In three days, or perhaps before, however, my messenger will be looking for you at your quarters."

Arnold rose and bowed. "You are a true patriot," he said. "All of us are working for gain or glory, but you seem to want nothing. And you will get nothing. If we win, the glory will go to the men who won the battles, and the spoils to the politicians. Remember that, my Jew friend."

"A bitter man," Salomon thought. He found his note book, and entered Arnold's name among those of Arthur Lee, Theodore Bland, Joseph Jones, John F. Mercer, Edmund Randolph, and James Madison, all delegates to the Congress, none of whom would have been in a position to serve had he not advanced their salaries. Of the six he liked Madison best, and had added fifty dollars to equalize his pay with the others. "Madison," Salomon reflected, "is the youngest, the ablest, and the most appreciative."

A messenger came in. Chevallier de Luzerne, the French minister to America, was sending his compliments and requesting the honor of a visit from the prominent merchant. Salomon knew that it meant he would be appointed broker for the consul treasurer

of the French army in the United States, and fiscal agent to the French minister. But before he could call on the minister, there were still two matters to be taken care of. At his suggestion the Jews of Philadelphia had empowered him to draw up a petition to the members of the Pennsylvania Council. Salomon wrote:

> Rabbi Ger. Seixa of the Jewish synagogue in Philadelphia, Simon Nathan, Asher Myers, Benard Gratz and Haym Salomon in behalf of themselves and brethren address this petition in relation to the declaration required to be taken by each member of the Assembly, which affirms that the Scripture of the Old and New Testaments were given by divine inspiration; and also in relation to that part of the Constitution which declares that no religious tests should be required of any civil magistrate in the State. The petitioners represent that this provision deprived them from the right of ever becoming representatives. They do not covet office, but they think this provision improper and an injustice to members of a persuasion that had always been attached to the American cause, and given support to the country, some in the Continental army, some in the militia, and some by cheerfully paying taxes and sustaining the popular cause.

That done he turned his attention to write an advertisement which was to appear in the next issue of the *Pennsylvania Journal*. It read:

A Few Bills of Exchange on France,
St. Enstatia, Amsterdam
To be Sold by
Haym Salomon, Broker.

The said Salomon will attend every day at the Coffee House between the hours of twelve and two, where he may be met with, and any kind of business in the brokering way, will be undertaken by him; and the gentlemen who choose to favor him with their business may depend on the greatest care and punctuality.

A few days later Robert Morris was appointed Superintendent of Finance of the American government, and he sent for Salomon. The two men had met before, but only casually. Now there was a common bond between them and they looked at each other with interest. Morris was a large man reaching to a height above six feet, with a full, well-formed, vigorous frame and a clear, smooth, florid complexion. Salomon seemed about five feet tall, with a pale, sallow face, and a frame ravished by the disease contracted in prison. Both, however, had uncommonly brilliant eyes, which were steady and cool.

"My appointment," Morris began the interview, "was unsought and unsolicited. I accepted it, though I feel it is contrary to my private interests. However, that is beside the point. I have taken the liberty to ask you to come, because I believe now is the time for all patriots, who are not on the battlefield, to do something for their country."

"A true patriot," Salomon replied, "would not wait so long to begin to be of service to his country."

"True, sir," Morris agreed. "And I am not unfamiliar with what you have been doing. But now is the time for all of us to unite and make ourselves the backbone of the army."

"I presume you are referring to the need of a national bank?" Salomon asked.

"I am determined to have one established," Morris replied. "Without it everything is lost."

"I am not unaware of the true state of affairs," Salomon said. "Public credit is gone, requisitions upon the States for money are heeded but little, and the load of useless paper is staggering."

"What else could be expected?" Morris asked, a bit impatiently. "We have a revolution, a war; the dissolution of a government, the erecting of it anew; cruelty, rapine, and devastation in the very midst of our bowels."

"I am not trying to find fault," Salomon assured him. "I have merely stated the situation as I see it."

"The situation, I admit, looks gloomy, but it is not hopeless. On the battlefield we are not so badly off—financially we must improve. I am counting on some aid from France, Spain, and perhaps from Holland. But we must rely chiefly upon ourselves to carry us through. There is enough money in the States for the war. The trouble is, there is no authority to tax that money. The American people, though bold in defying England, are extremely weak in exercising power over themselves."

"Perhaps they are wise," Salomon said. "Lovers of liberty who are fighting a foreign tyrant must be very careful lest they open the door for oppression at home."

"They can guard themselves against that by electing to office trustworthy men. Those who have risen from the people, for instance, are as a rule too drunk with power. But why discuss that now? A national bank is much more to the point."

"I can give you my solemn promise," Salomon said, "that when the bank is established, I shall make it the depository of all my funds. My daily deposits will be between $15,000 and $50,000."

"With less than that," Morris said, "we can conduct the bank. But first we must sell subscriptions to the amount of $400,000."

"That," replied Salomon, "will take a little time, but it can be accomplished. The venture is sound and the investment safe."

They were silent. Salomon reflected that Morris was the man for the office of Superintendent of Finance. English though he was, and with a decided Tory philosophy, he had signed the Declaration of Independence, and thus had burned his bridges behind him. He had the necessary qualifications: he could resist appeals for money without being worn out by them. At the same time Morris was thinking that Salomon could be very useful to him. "He is a dealer in bills," he thought. "France, Holland, and Spain will have more confidence in me if I deal through him. I'll pay him a little more—we'll get it back by appealing to him for aid now and then."

"The office of Finance is in need of a broker," Morris began, diplomatically. "I already have applications from others. But I should like to consider yours, if the commissions charged do not prove prohibitive."

"I shall be very glad to act as broker for one quarter of one per cent."

"One quarter of one per cent?" Morris asked, to convince himself that the ridiculously low offer was correct.

"That is as high a commission as I shall ever expect," Salomon said.

"In that case you are broker to the office of the Finance," Morris announced.

Salomon thanked him.

"Do not thank me," Morris said. "It is I and the country that are to thank you." He rose. "I must terminate our interview, though there is much I should like to discuss with you. I shall want to see you often."

"Summon me; I am at your service," Salomon replied.

A few weeks later Morris again sent for Salomon. Spain had granted a loan, and the king's agent had made it a condition that Salomon be consulted as to how the money should be raised.

It was obvious that the Superintendent of Finance had been hurt, for he evidently felt that the condition was a reflection upon his ability to handle the loan properly.

"I believe," Salomon explained, "that Don Francisco de Rendon wishes to be kind to me for advancing

money for his private use until the king can get through a shipment of gold to relieve his distress."

"I see," said Morris. "I did not know that the man was embarrassed financially. But," he added thoughtfully, "I am glad that you are disposed to help him. I have no doubt that you are aware of what his influence means to us—that is perhaps the real reason for your kindness to him."

Salomon smiled.

Thus Morris, pacified, later wrote in his diary:

> *June 8th, 1781.* Congress having assigned the management of the Monies Granted by His Most Christian Majesty to assist in a vigorous prosecution of the present Campaign to the Superintendent of Finance, I agreed with Mr. Haym Solomon, who had been employed by the Officer of his Most Christian Majesty, to make Sale of their Army and Navy Bills. I am to draw for the Monies granted as Aforesaid, his Brokerage to be settled hereafter.

Salomon lost no time and began a vigorous campaign to sell the bills entrusted to him. Confidence in the Revolution was at its lowest ebb. A paper dollar was worth a continental or about one-tenth of a cent, and a joke—for those who could afford to laugh about it. Salomon worked assiduously. To some he pointed out the rich resources of Spain which were behind the bills, to others he appealed as patriots, and to those who were unimpressed by both he argued that no

money was safe in a country on the verge of collapse because of lack of funds, hinting that if they wanted to save all they had they would do wisely to buy securities. Thus he reasoned, coaxed, threatened, and even pledged his own credit until he disposed of the bills.

But there were soon other bills, French paper this time. The market, however, had already absorbed a good deal of these, and now there appeared a tendency to undersell the government. Salomon immediately realized the danger, and apprised Morris of it, giving him the name of the person in a position to do the most harm. Two days later Morris wrote in his diary:

> *August 8th.* Sent for Mr. Salomon the Broker, informed him that Mr. Chaloner had promised not to sell under six Shillings and desired him to press the Sale of Bills. I desire him to gain information of the persons, the sums, the rates, to call on them and urge them to keep up the price to threaten them to give me intelligence to-morrow morning.

Salomon called on all the men selling bills of exchange in Philadelphia. He tried to persuade them not to undersell the government, explaining the necessity of keeping up the price. Some promised, others said they would think the matter over; but Salomon guessed that all of them were hard pressed for money. He reported to Morris that his efforts had been in vain.

"I'll undersell *them!*" cried Morris. "I'll wait on the French minister and propose a plan of underselling them."

"It might do more harm than good," Salomon said.

But Morris was determined, and approached the minister on the subject. The minister consulted Salomon and refused permission. Morris wrote in his diary:

> *August 9th.* He (the French minister) does not chuse to risque the Loss of Selling Bills for 50,000 Livres at 5/6. I agree with him to give me Bills to that amount in exchange for a number of small Bills. Gave Solomon order to press a Sale on Credit and explained to him plan of preventing others from selling.

Morris guessed that the French minister had consulted Salomon and had taken his advice not to give permission to undersell. When Salomon came in during the evening to report the sales of the day, the Superintendent of Finance refused to sanction them. In his diary that evening he recorded:

> *August 9th.* Solomon informs me that he has sold from sixty to eighty thousand Livres at 6/ on a credit of eight months. I refuse and direct it at four months payable part in Hand the remainder monthly.

Salomon reasoned with him and tried to convince him that the sale on credit for eight months was to the best possible advantage to the government. Morris, however, refused to listen.

"Mr. Solomons," he said with formal politeness, "please remember that I am the Superintendent and that you are the broker. I desire you to follow my instructions. Do not argue with me. All day I have had

to argue with statesmen and army officers of high rank who needed money which I had not in the treasury to give them. And now you come at this late hour of the evening and prevent me from having my repast by disagreeing with me on a matter it is not in your province to disagree with or even to question."

Salomon realized that the man was hungry and too exhausted to be patient. He left and tried to forget the unpleasantness by thinking of the curious way Morris had of pronouncing his name and of ending it with an "s" whenever he was not in an affable mood.

The next morning Morris reconsidered. He sent Salomon a message that he had decided to let the sales stand. In his diary that day he wrote:

> *August 10th.* Conference with Broker on Bills, wrote him on that subject, adjusted plans to stop the Vendors of Bills.

After that Salomon found his relationship with Morris strained. The Superintendent of Finance still consulted him, but in an off-hand manner. He would explain the situation and wait for Salomon to come forward with suggestions, to which Morris would listen indifferently. But in the end he would incorporate them in his instructions to the broker. Whether Morris thought the ideas his own or whether he was aware that they were the suggestions offered to him, Salomon never knew.

On August 17, 1781, Morris sent a message to Salomon urging him to sell as many Pennsylvania Bills as possible that day and to call with the proceeds in the evening. Salomon was only partially successful, but

when he called and realized how desperate the situation was, he offered to advance the money needed. Morris's diary for that day contains:

> "Sent for Mr. Haym Solomon, the Jew Broker, who informed me that he had sold small sums of the Pennsylvania State papers at two dollars for 1 of silver and that he offered to purchase said paper at 2½ for one agreeable to orders. I had before given him, and I think it best to continue my orders on this footing until the collection of Taxes Commences. He informs me that Bills of Exchange continue to pour in our market from the Eastern States and other places where the French Bills of 30 days' sight on France are now selling at D/6 to D/9 for five Livres. Mr. Josephson says the same."

By starting the entry, "Mr. Haym Solomon the Jew Broker," Morris unconsciously gave vent to a feeling of resentment against Salomon, whom he could not accept as one of his own, though he tried to be fair to him. To appease his conscience he used the name of another Jew, that of Josephson. Salomon was aware of Morris's antipathy. He dismissed it, however, with the thought that there was no reason why they should not be friends.

For almost a month the two men avoided each other and used messengers for contact. But on September 11 this method became unsatisfactory. Morris sent for Salomon and showed him a letter he had received from Washington. "I must entreat you," the Commander had written, "if possible to procure one month's

pay in specie for the detachment which I have under my account. Part of the troops have not been paid anything for a long time past, and have upon several occasions shown marks of great discontent. The service they are going upon is disagreeable to the Northern regiments but I make no doubt that a doucer of a little hard money would put them in proper temper. If the whole sum cannot be obtained, a part of it will be better than none, as it may be distributed in proportion to the respective wants and classes of the men."

"I borrowed the necessary money, but now I must repay it," Morris said, as Salomon returned the letter in silence.

"Bills of exchange are falling," Salomon began.

"We must sell them at any price," Morris interrupted him.

"I'll do all I can to sell them," Salomon replied. He had wanted to offer his own note to meet the emergency, but Morris's impatient interruption had decided him to wait. He went away and returned a few hours later to report that he had sold the bills, to which he had added his own pledge, thus keeping up the price.

Morris did not use the word Jew in his diary that day. He merely stated that he had

> Sundry conferences with Mr. Solomon respecting Bills of Exchange.

In the latter part of October Morris received notice not to expect any more pecuniary assistance from France; and Searle, who had been sent to Holland to borrow money, reported he had failed in his mission.

Morris called in Salomon, who advanced money to meet pressing obligations, and who received bills which he promised to sell. Morris's entry for that day was:

> *November 12th.* Sent for Solomon and gave him orders to ask 6/3d for 5 Livres Bills of Exchange.

Several months later the two had a long conference. Salomon suggested that now was a good time to sell bills of exchange. Morris disagreed, but put him off without saying so. His diary for that day contains:

> *March 19th, 1782.* Mr. H. Solomon the Broker came to negotiate about bills, I desired to know the terms on which he can sell and encouraged him to think I shall draw.

Salomon sensed this new relationship: that Morris was tactful instead of brusque; but he also felt that Morris was withholding something from him, which he considered harmful to the cause in which they were both interested. He called on him to have a frank talk. But he found Morris friendly and frank. Morris wrote in his diary:

> *March 25th.* Mr. Haym Solomon the broker came to inform me that Bills of Exchange would be wanted this week, my necessities will compell me to draw. I shall want much money for the campaign. I have given Solomon leave to make the sale of 400,000 Livres to be drawn at 100 days sight and the purchasers to give notes, payable at 60 days so that they may be discounted at the Bank price on these conditions 7 for five Livres.

When Salomon returned from his conference with Morris he found his young friend Benjamin Nomes waiting for him. At Salomon's suggestion Nomes had enlisted as a private in the Pulaski legion. Now he was wearing a major's insignia.

"How well you have done!" Salomon cried, embracing him.

Nomes had no reply.

"Come," insisted Salomon. "Tell me all about it."

"I won my first promotion at the battle of Savannah," Nomes related. "We assaulted the town—we were nearly in it, but were driven back. I saw General Pulaski fall, and fought my way to him, but I was too late. My captain thought I was unusually brave that day and gave me a letter praising me."

"That is a credit to our race, and you certainly can be proud of it," Salomon said.

"I am proud of it," smiled Nomes. "I was appointed a lieutenant and sent to serve with Baron DeKalb—and he was killed too."

"Yes, at the battle of Camden," said Salomon.

"He was still alive when I carried him off the field, but he was bleeding profusely from eleven wounds. I had tried to lead him away before—he had been unhorsed and wounded—and he knew that the battle was lost; that nothing he would do could save the day, yet he fought on."

They were interrupted by General St. Clair, who came in to ask whether Salomon would not advance his salary. Salomon said he would.

In April news reached America that Lord North had

resigned. Salomon advised Morris to sell bills of exchange. Morris agreed and wrote in his diary:

> *April 16th.* Haym Solomon called this day to inform me some circumstances relative to Bills of Exchange. I told him I would sell some bills.

For the next six weeks Salomon's time was mostly taken up with helping distressed army officers whom Morris was in no position to pay. General Mifflin called and complained that Morris was putting him off again and again. "I know," he added, "that he has no money, but matters have reached a state of desperation that forces me to come begging to you."

"Oh come, general," Salomon smiled. "You are merely asking for a loan. Borrowing is not inconsistent with self-respect."

General McDougal was another caller. But the two were friends, and the subject of the loan was discussed as briefly as possible.

Major McPherson and Colonel Shee came together. They had heard so much of Salomon's kindness, they explained, especially when he was appealed to on behalf of the sufferings of unpaid army officers, and they were both in misery because there was insufficient funds in the treasury. Would not Salomon's generosity be extended to them?

Salomon said he would be glad to come to their aid.

Thus the middle of June came around. Morris's diary does not record the services Salomon rendered to the Revolution between June and September. The

many entries merely hint that the Superintendent of Finance leaned heavily on the Jew broker:

June 19th. Mr. H. Solomon informs me that he has plenty of Bills to sell at 6 for five Livres.

June 25th. Mr. Haym Solomon came to inform me that he can buy Bills for 6/ five Livres or perhaps 5/9.

July 1st. Haym Solomon the Broker informs me that he is applied to by Sundry persons to sell Bills, I desired him to procure me Customers at 6/3 for doll. 5 Livres.

July 2nd. Haym Solomon proposed to me the Sale of Bills for Lvrs. 40,000 at 6/3 for Lvrs. 5 to be paid for as follows: on the 11th July for Lvrs. 10,000, on the 16 July Lvrs. 15,000 on the 1st August Lvrs. 15,000.

July 3rd. Mr. H. Solomon sold several Bills at 6/3 for five Livres which I signed.

July 10th. Haym Solomon respecting Bills. I authorized him to sell Bills payable on the first of August to answer Mr. Pierce's notes.

July 12th. Haym Solomon came respecting Bills &c. This Broker has been useful to the public Interest and requests leave to publish himself as Broker to this Office to which I have consented as I do not see that any Disadvantage can possibly arise to the Public Service but the reverse and he expects individual Benefits therefrom.

July 15th, 1782. Mr. Haym Solomon called several times this day respecting Bills of Exchange,

he being very apprehensive and with pretty good reason that the price must fall.

July 17th. Haym Solomon called often as several consultations respecting Exchange were necessary.

July 22nd. Haym Solomon several times with me respecting Exchange &c.

July 26th. Haym Solomon respecting Exchange, my anxiety to provide for the regular discharge of the Paymaster General's notes which fall due the first of August occasions very frequent consultations on this Subject because I wish to preserve the Exchange tho I am in great want of the Money.

July 27th. Sent for Solomon and desired him to try every way he could devise to raise money and then went in quest of it myself.

July 29th. Haym Solomon came and proposed a Sale of Bills to the Providore of the French Hospital alleging that he has frequently sold him Bills on Credit and that his engagements have always been punctually complied with and after Consulting with Mr. G. Morris I agreed to supply him with the Bills wanted.

August 2nd. Had a good deal of Consultations with Haym Solomon respecting Exchange &c.

August 3rd. Consulted Solomon the Broker about raising the Price on Bills of Exchange which I think is practicable but my great want of money will not permit the step.

August 6th. Haym Solomon Broker respecting

Bills Money &c. I authorized him to sell Bills for Cash at 6/3 and on credit at 6/6.

August 28th. Solomon the Broker came and I urged him to leave no stone unturned to find out money and the means by which I can obtain it.

Salomon did not go to turning over stones to look for money. Instead he turned over a large part of his account in the North American Bank to the government and received for it Loan office certificates.

Having thus reduced his bank balance Salomon inserted the following advertisement in the *Freeman's Journal:*

HAYM SALOMON

Broker to the Office of Finance, to the Consul General of France, and to the Treasurer of the French army.

At his office in Front Street, between Market and Arch Sts.

Buys and sells on commission Bank Stock, Bills of Exchange on France, Spain, Holland and other parts of Europe, the West Indies and inland bills, at the usual commissions.

He buys and sells Loan Office certificates, Continental and State money of this or any other state, paymaster or quartermaster general's note; these and every other kind of paper transactions (bills of exchange excepted) he will charge his

employers not more than One Half Per Cent for his commission.

He procures Money on loans for a short time and gets notes and bills discounted.

Gentlemen and others, residing in this state or any of the United States, by sending their orders to the office, may depend on having their business transacted with as much fidelity and expedition as if they were themselves present.

He receives tobacco, sugars, tea and every other sort of goods, to sell on commission for which purpose he has provided proper stores.

He flatters himself, his assiduity, punctuality, and extensive connections in his business as a broker is well established in various parts of Europe, and in the United States in particular.

All persons who shall please to favor him with their business, may depend upon his utmost exertion for their interest, and part of the Money advanced if desired.

Two weeks later more money was needed. Morris sent bills to Salomon, who exchanged them for his personal notes which could be discounted at the bank. Morris wrote in his diary:

> "*September 11th.* Haym Solomon brought me some notes taken for Bills and informs me that Bills continue unsalable."

As Salomon was leaving the office of the Superintendent of Finance, he was greeted by a merchant for

whom he occasionally auctioned off merchandise. "Well met, Mr. Salomon," the man greeted him. "You are just the person I am looking for. Do you know whether the army can use soldier shirts?"

Salomon smiled. "I'm sure the army can use them. But I am not sure that there is enough hard money to pay for them. If you are willing to accept Treasury certificates, I'll bring your proposition before Mr. Morris."

I'll consider it," replied the merchant. "I should like to have you look at them."

Salomon agreed. He examined the shirts, gave his opinion as to their value, and promised to bring them to the attention of Morris.

"Fine," said the merchant.

Morris was interested, and commissioned Salomon to buy the shirts. But when the merchant heard that the shirts were really needed, he sent someone else to try to sell them to Morris for a better price, in the hope that the Superintendent of Finance would think that it was another consignment. They could not deceive him, however, as the entry for that day shows:

> *September 16th.* Mons. Caure called to offer some ready made soldier shirts, but as I had reason to suppose these are a parcel for which I had agreed with Solomon I desired Mons. Caure to call in the morning. I sent for Solomon who says these Shirts are the same and that Mons. Brasin sold them to Mons. Caure while Solomon was treating with me for them.

Caure called the next day, but Morris refused to deal with him. The merchant then called on Salomon, who was willing to buy them. Morris, however, would have none of them.

"They're worth the price, you don't have to pay for them with hard money, and the army needs shirts—for the sake of the soldiers who need shirts he should be forgiven," Salomon said.

"You can forgive them," replied Morris. "I can't. I am used to deal with honest men."

Salomon was staggered at this unexpected rebuff.

"Mr. Morris," he said, speaking slowly, "I do not think that you are justified in saying that I am accustomed to deal with dishonest men."

"I did not say that," replied Morris.

"Your inference was quite obvious," Mr. Morris.

Morris became impatient. "Mr. Solomons," he said coldly adding the "s" to his name for emphasis, "I have already made myself clear that I meant no reflection upon your honesty. But I presume you are expecting apologies. I have none to offer."

Salomon turned about and walked out.

Ten days later Morris sent for him. "I am willing to admit that I was a little hasty," he told him.

"Let us not discuss it," said Salomon.

"I did not, of course, send for you to say that I am sorry," Morris said coldly. "I have bills to sell."

"This is a bad time to sell bills," replied Salomon.

"Am I to understand that you are refusing to sell bills for me?"

"Oh, no," said Salomon. "I'm merely saying that it

is impossible to sell bills just now and it would hurt us to sell if we could."

"He is too proud, the Jew," Morris thought when Salomon left. "I shall have to find another broker as soon as matters begin to look more cheerful." In his diary that day he entered:

> *September 25th.* Sent for Solomon the Broker but says he cannot sell any Bills of Exc.

Though Morris still dealt through Salomon he began to look about for someone else. Salomon heard about it three months later, and came to Morris for a frank statement. Morris refused to commit himself. His diary for December 16th contains:

> Mr. Haym Solomon came to inquire respecting some new Regulations which Mr. Swanwick had informed him were to take place in regard to our transactions with him.

It was not until two weeks later that Morris was ready to change his broker. He had hesitated for two reasons. He knew that no one could serve the country as well as Salomon, and he felt that with the new broker in the Office he would not have the same time to devote to his private business; and he liked to take advantage of the opportunities his official position offered to make money for himself whenever that was possible without being actually disloyal to his trust. On January 2, 1783, he recorded:

> This day I sent for Haym Salomon the Broker and desired him to bring in his Account of Broker-

age as my Intention is to make some new arrangements with respect to Bills of Exchange.

Salomon brought in his accounts two weeks later, but the pressure on Morris had been too much. Members of Congress, army officers, the bank officials, and the French minister had dissuaded him from making the change, which they characterized as a step fraught with the gravest danger to the country. Consequently, when Salomon called Morris said:

"Mr. Solomon, there has been a misunderstanding between us and I am sorry for having brought it about. Our country needs your services. I wish that we come to an understanding and continue our relationship on a friendly footing."

There could have been no doubt that the Superintendent of Finance was in a changed mood. Salomon was more than willing to meet him half way. Morris's diary contains no mention of the reconciliation, nor does it explain his sudden change of mind. It merely records:

> *January 16th.* Mr. Haym Solomon respecting Bills of Exchange. I consulted him about raising the price, he advises me to secure a good deal of money first, as he thinks an attempt to raise the price will stop the Sale for some time and I am of the same opinion.

Morris could have added to the entry that Salomon had increased his loan to the United States by securing 50,000 Continental liquidated dollars.

A few weeks later Major Franks called on Salomon. He came, he explained, as a representative of Thomas Jefferson, who was going on a mission in Europe. "Now that you know that," Franks said, "you will accept the other news as inevitable."

Salomon smiled his slow sympathetic smile, which started at the left corner of his mouth and appeared for a fraction of a second to be ironical, but quickly spread to the entire face and jumped into his sad eyes.

"You have guessed it," admitted Franks. "It is money. I forgot to mention that I am to accompany him—and both of us must have your aid. Morris was kind to Jefferson. I called on the Superintendent of Finance and applied for an advance of money. 'I must have a letter from T. Jefferson before I can discuss the matter with you,' he said. Jefferson thought that it was merely an excuse to delay matters, but he gave me a letter asking for an advance of a quarter salary. What happened was unexpected. The paymaster was directed to pay him the balance due him on the first of this month and the bank was requested to make the necessary advance."

Salomon explained that Morris had many enemies.

"And Jefferson is not without influence," said Franks. "I hear he wants to resign as Superintendent of Finance?"

"I expect him to resign shortly," replied Salomon. "But it will be to hold his enemies in check and to get Congress to give him more power."

When the loans were arranged and Major Franks left,

Salomon turned his attention to a matter which Morris discusses in his diary:

> *March 20th.* I sent for Haym Solomon and informed him that the Indendant of the French Army peremptorily refused to pay the Note signed by Mons. De Brassine. That Mons. De Mars, the Chief of the Hospital Department had also refused payment, both these gentlemen alleging that Brassine was not authorized to make such dealing or engagements on Account of the army. . . . I have strong Reason to believe that de Mars the chief of Hospital and his agent De Brassine have both made use of the King's name & of their Credit obtained as his Servants for private Pursuits in which they were jointly interested. Mr. De Mars being able I have directed Solomon to arrest him for the payment of De Brassine's note and immediately to pursue all proper steps to prove that De Mars either authorized De Brassine or was interested in his Transactions.

Salomon called on de Mars and tried to reason with him. "You will lose in the end," he said. "Why spend days in jail and waste money on counsel fees?"

"You cannot prove my responsibility," de Mars replied.

"You are staking your physical comfort on a hopeless case," Salomon warned him.

But de Mars remained obdurate, and Salomon found himself forced into the role he detested most. There

was no way out of it, however, and he had de Mars arrested.

At the trial Salomon was represented by James Wilson and two associates, who obtained a favorable verdict. The entries in Morris's diary relating to this incident are:

> *May 1st.* Mr. Haym Solomon informs me that he has received the money for Mons. De Brassine's note and that he will discharge the same at the bank, he says he paid the Tavern Charge of the Court and Jury, the Cost of Subpiena's and saving them on Witness'. I desire him also to pay the Lawyers and bring one Account for the whole.
>
> *May 12th.* Mr. Haym Solomon brought me a letter of Mr. Lewis proposing Ten half Joes as his fee in the cause of Mons. de Brassine to which I agreed and desired Solomon to pay each of the three Lawyers employed the same sum.
>
> *May 14th.* Mr. Haym Solomon informs me that Mr. Wilson refuses to receive less than fifteen half Joes.
>
> *May 21st.* The Honorable James Wilson, esq. called to explain that the fee he required of Haym Solomon is twofold, first five half Joes goes for his opinion on the case and as to the Manner of bringing the action against Mons. de Mars, and secondly for his fee as Counsel in prosecuting the action Ten half Joes.

CHAPTER IV

Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph.

The many loans to the government and to the distressed public men depleted Salomon's reserve funds. He felt ill, and the thought that he might die suddenly and leave his wife and infants insufficiently provided for troubled him. But on July 25 he gave Morris his promissory note for twenty thousand dollars. Morris, who had appealed to him for money to meet government expenses, thanked him, but as it was his rule not to mention the loans he received, he merely recorded in his diary: "I sent for Haym Solomon to consult him respecting exchange, he says that bills are rather of dull sale just now."

Meanwhile the struggle was coming to a close. The treaty giving the United States independence was signed, the army was demobilized, and Washington had given notice of resigning his commission. The men who had been in the habit of calling upon Salomon to ask his financial aid, gradually ceased coming. Salomon had been thinking of establishing a branch in New York. At the close of 1784, not having enough money for such an undertaking, he formed a co-partnership

with Jacob Mordecai, which enabled him to expand his business activities.

On January, 1, 1785, the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser* carried a paid announcement which read:

> Haym Salomon, Broker to the Office of Finance, having provided a license for the exercising the employment of an Auctioneer in the City of New York, has now opened, for the reception of every species of merchandise, his house No. 22 Wall Street, lately occupied by Mr. Anthony Bleeker (one of the best stands in the city) and every branch of business, which in the smallest degree appertains to the profession of Factor Auctioneer and Broker, will be transacted in it, which has hitherto characterized his dealings.
>
> The house in point of convenience and situation is exceedingly well calculated for the different kinds of business above mentioned; and he thinks it almost unnecessary to announce to those who may favor him with their orders, that the strictest attention shall be paid to them.
>
> The nature of his business enables him to make remittances to any part of the world, with peculiar facility, and this he hopes will operate considerably in his favor with those who live at a distance.
>
> A desire of being more extensively useful, and of giving universal satisfaction to the public, are among his principal motives for opening the house,

and shall be the great leading principles of his transactions.

By being broker to the Office of Finance, and honored with its confidence, all those sums have passed through his hands, which the generosity of the French Monarch, and the affection of the merchants of the United Provinces prompted them to furnish us with, and which have so much contributed to its successful and happy termination.—This is a circumstance which has established his credit and reputation, and procured him the confidence of the public—a confidence which it shall be his study and ambition to merit and increase, by sacredly performing all his engagements.

The business will be conducted upon the most liberal and extensive plan, under the firm of Haym Salomon and Jacob Mordecai.

Salomon had put down the paper containing the advertisements and was trying to appear cheerful, to conceal from Rachel a distressing feeling of dizziness. She was deceived.

"I see you don't miss your friends," she said.

"My friends?"

"Those who always wanted money?"

Salomon generally had smiled indulgently at such remarks. But on that occasion he hoped to forget the loud beating of his heart by discussing the matter with her.

"Yes, Rachel," he said. "You can say, 'I told you

so!' It is true that they came when they needed money. But what else would they come to me for?"

"You'd now be the richest man in the country," Rachel sighed.

"And the most despised one, too, Rachel. How would you have liked to have fingers pointed at you as the wife of the meanest man living?"

"No one gave away everything he had, except you, and I haven't heard that anybody is despised for having become rich during the war—quite a number did, you know."

"There's a difference," Salomon said, wondering whether he should speak about the strange way his heart was behaving. "I am a Jew. Had I taken advantage of all the opportunities these times offered for my own gain, and hoarded what money I made, I'd be pointed out as the Jew who grew rich on the soil fertilized by blood."

"But they're laughing at you now," argued Rachel. "They're saying, 'Here goes the Jew who gave money to anyone who came claiming he was a patriot and in need.' "

Salomon raised his hand in a gesture of despair. He had at last decided to speak of his illness and had discovered that his power of speech was gone.

"Haym!" cried Rachel.

Salomon tried to raise his hand once more, but it had become paralyzed.

"Haym!" again cried Rachel. "What ails you! My God!"

She dragged him to the couch and placed him on it. His little boy, in a thin short undershirt, came rushing out of the children's room.

"How frozen and frightened he looks—I can see and think, thank God for that," thought Salomon.

Rachel rushed off for aid. The boy climbed up on the couch, embraced his father, and began to cry. Someone picked him up and carried him away.

"My eyes are failing me, too," Salomon thought. "I'm going fast!"

A man sat down beside him and rubbed his eyes. Salomon could see again. The man was Rabbi Jacobs.

"Rabbi!" cried Salomon.

"Yes, it is I," said Rabbi Jacobs.

"Am I dead?" asked Salomon.

"I am praying to bring you back to life."

The Angel of Death appeared.

"Forego your prayers, venerable rabbi," he begged. "Will you raise a man from the dead?"

"God will hear my prayers," replied Rabbi Jacobs.

"Ask him to desist!" The Angel of Death appealed to Salomon. "You are dead and you cannot return to the living to assume your former place."

"I am not dead," said Salomon, "or if I am, not long enough dead to make any difference."

"Your wife has wept over you and buried you; she, your children, and your friends will be unable to love you; they will only fear you."

"Scarcely several minutes have passed since my wife rushed out," insisted Salomon.

"You are confusing eternity with your conception of

time,' said the Angel of Death. "Here, read this." A newspaper was spread before Salomon. He read:

> On Thursday last (Jan 6) died Haym Salomon, broker.

The words were blotted out and others appeared:

> Thursday last expired Mr. Haym Salomon, an eminent broker of this city; he was a native of Poland and of the Hebrew nation. He was remarkable for his skill and integrity in his profession, and for his generous and humane deportment. His remains were on Friday last deposited in the burial ground of the synagogue of this city.

"How many days—mortal days—have I been dead?" asked Salomon.

For answer the Angel of Death spread another newspaper before him. Salomon read:

> All persons indebted to the Estate of Haym Salomon, late of this city, broker, deceased, are requested to make payments, and those who have demands against the said estate are desired to deliver them properly attested to
>
> Signed: Rachel Salomon, *Administratrix*
>
> Thomas Fitzsimons, Mathew Clarkson, Eleazor Levy, Joseph Casson } *Administrators*

"Have pity, let me go back, only for a few days!—They're virtually penniless!" cried Salomon.

"It is too late to help them," replied the Angel of Death. "Your wife and your children and even their children have now passed beyond mortal help."

"Yes," said Rabbi Jacobs. "Time has done your work, Death. But I still pray to God to return him to the living. The country he helped to free is now rich and forgetful. It has erected a gate and is closing it to those who come to seek a haven, though by all the laws of justice and humanity, there should be no such barrier. Let him return and remind this new generation of their debt to immigrants, a debt of honor they cannot shirk without grave consequence to their heritage."

The Angel of Death laughed softly. "This new generation knows not nor acknowledges any such debt of honor; and certainly knows not of Salomon the patriot: they will not admit him, should he appear at the gate."

"What!" cried Salomon. "America will not admit me?"

"Let us make a wager," said the Angel of Death. "If you are permitted to enter I shall return you to the living; if you are excluded as an undesirable, your venerable friend must cease to rend the very heavens with his prayers for you."

"Agree to this, Rabbi Jacobs!" Salomon begged. "We cannot lose."

Rabbi Jacobs agreed, and the three found themselves at Ellis Island.

"Your name!" demanded an inspector.

"My name?" Salomon smiled confidently and broadly. "I am an old friend of this Republic. I—"

"Answer my question or back you go!" the inspector interrupted him.

Salomon noticed that the Angel of Death was smiling ironically. He gave his name quickly.

"Your papers?" demanded the inspector.

"I've been here all the time—I am here only—"

"Are you a citizen?"

"Of course I am a citizen."

"Let me have your citizen papers."

"I never needed—"

"Were you born here?"

"No, but—"

"I've had enough of you. Come along."

Salomon was led into a room where several men were gathered. The inspector whispered a report to them. They put their heads together and held a conference.

"We are sorry, Mr. Salomon," said one at last. "But your entry was illegal and we must deport you."

"You don't understand!" cried Salomon. "I—"

"We're sorry. You can appeal to the Commissioner. That's all."

Accompanied by the silent Rabbi Jacobs and the smiling Angel of Death, Salomon approached the Commissioner.

"Have you ever heard of Haym Salomon, the Jew financier of the American Revolution?" he demanded. "I am he. And I am about to be deported.

"I am sorry," replied the Commissioner. "I should like to help you. But law is law. I am powerless. Perhaps the Secretary of Labor will want to do something for you."

The Secretary of Labor greeted him pleasantly. "I've been thinking about your case, Mr. Salomon," he said. "It's an unusual one, of course; but your deportation is mandatory. I must regretfully decline to interfere. I have sworn to uphold the Constitution and I am therefore constrained to let the law take its course. I hope, however, that you will not interpret my inability to act as a reflection upon yourself or upon your race. Jews number among my very best friends. I am in the habit of consulting with some of your co-religionists very frequently. Oh yes, why don't you see the President? He will have a few kind words for you, I am sure."

The President was at the Eighth Street Temple. He was saying:

> "I did not come here to make a speech. I came here to second the motion for a memorial to the Jew who stood by Robert Morris and financed the revolution, the friend of Kosciusko and of Pulaski, both of whom have monuments here—a man who apparently gave all he had, for he had nothing when he died—or at least there was nothing except what he ought to have collected and did not—a man thrown into prison as a spy under Clinton, and who escaped because he could talk ten different languages and because somebody who had the custody of him thought he would be more useful to him as a live interpreter than as a dead man. He subsequently escaped and devoted his entire time and fortune to help along the cause of the Revolution. . . .

"Money is the sinews of war, and the necessity for money impresses itself as the fight goes on, and you will observe that Haym Salomon was most active during these later years, when the strain grew harder in the fight and when people were likely, because of the long struggle, to become tired out and to lose their patriotic interest. Then it was that he negotiated these large loans, then it was that he helped his impecunious associates, and then it was that he entitled himself to the gratitude of the entire country. If there should be erected a memorial to his disinterested self-sacrifice in behalf of his country, it would be most appropriate."

When he had finished and Salomon introduced himself to him, a genuine expression of sympathy appeared on his face. "I am glad that you have come to me," he said. "I was thinking of issuing an executive order to set you free; but all the constitutional lawyers I consulted insisted that it would be unconstitutional. There is only one way out. Congress can authorize me to act. I shall send you to that body with a message requesting that it lose no time to pass the necessary resolution." He beckoned to one of his secretaries.

Congress was listening to a committee report:

. . . Abundant proof is presented in the judgment of the Committee, that Mr. Salomon rendered the most essential aid to the cause of the revolution. . . . The claim of the memorialist is one of undeniable merit. It is for money advanced to the

revolutionary government when the public credit was exhausted, its treasury bankrupt, and specie almost impossible to obtain. It has been repeatedly examined by some of the ablest committees of the two houses of Congress, and always reported upon favorably, with a bill for the relief of the memorialist; but the great magnitude of the papers and vouchers required so protracted an examination as to place it last on the calendar of each session, and never to come within the reach of final action.

When he died he left a young wife not familiar with our language, and four infant children, the youngest being only some three weeks old, at a time when all matters, both public and private, were in a state of the greatest depression and confusion and necessarily exposed to corresponding hazard and neglect. The inventory of his private estate, as filed in the probate court in Philadelphia on the 15th day of February, 1785, exhibited among other things, the following public securities as forming part of its assets, viz:

Loan office certificates	$110,233.63
Treasury certificates	18,244.88
Continental liquidated dollars	199,214.45
Commissioners' certificates	17,870.37
Virginia State certificates	8,160.00
Total	$353,723.33

After a careful inspection of the disbursements and payments by the government from 1781 to the

formation of the present government in 1789, it appears that no part of this indebtedness was ever paid to Haym Salomon or his heirs, or that any payments whatever were made to him or his representatives; and in an official statement of the First Auditor of the Treasury, in answer to questions propounded by the committee of the House of Representatives when examining the same subject, with a certified copy of these evidences of debt before him, that officer stated that no part of the sum had been paid or refunded by any one since the formation of the present government. It is, therefore, conclusive to the mind of your committee that no such payment ever has been made, and that the same is still a valid claim for proper indemnity.

It is also proven by the original checks and vouchers before your committee that Haym Salomon advanced in specie to the Superintendent of Finance of the revolutionary government (Robert Morris), at various times and in various sums, to the amount of some $211,678, for which amount the original checks are before your committee, excepting two or three which are mislaid, but are well vouched for and referred to in former reports.

The evidence before your Committee also proves that Haym Salomón advanced to the government six promissory notes, amounting to £34,758 18s. 2d. Pennsylvania currency, or in federal currency about $92,600, for which the original receipt of M. Hil-

legos, continental treasurer, is presented, showing that it was for the use of the United States.

There is also before your committee the promissory note of Haym Salomon for $20,000, payable in thirty days to the order of Robert Morris, which shows by the bank marks upon it that it was discounted by the bank and paid by Mr. Salomon at maturity, whose name is erased, and Robert Morris still on it. There is no doubt that this note was loaned to Mr. Morris, for the reason that a receipt was given bearing even date with the note, "July 25, 1783," and there is a memorandum indorsed on the note to that effect so specifying, and considering that Mr. Morris was at that time exclusively engaged in financing for the government, which was greatly in need of means, it is most likely that the proceeds of this note were so applied, though the memorialist does not claim it as part of his demand against the government.

It is also proven by the vouchers before your committee, that Haym Salomon provided the means to support the ambassador of the king of Spain, Don Francisco Rendon, who was in secret alliance with the revolutionary government, and whose supplies were cut off by the British cruisers. This fact was acknowledged in an official letter from that minister to the governor-general of Cuba, and the original orders uncancelled, to the amount of 10,000 Spanish dollars, are before your committee, showing that the amount was never paid. But

the memorialist does not, nor never has asked this government to pay that sum.

From the evidence in possession of the Committee, the patriotic devotion of Haym Salomon to the cause of American independence, cannot in their judgment, be questioned. The proof of his eminent character and standing as a citizen and merchant is very clear and abundant. He was the countryman and intimate associate of Pulaski and Kosciusko; and from the evidence submitted to the committee, it has been fully demonstrated that in the depth and sincerity of his devotion to the cause of human liberty, he was not surpassed by either of these illustrious men.

On the accession of Count de la Luzerne to the embassy from the French government, Mr. Salomon was made the banker of that government. A letter from Count Vergennes, minister of state, to de la Luzerne, states that the cost of the expedition in the first and second years of the alliance was 150,000 livres; all of that sum, which was disbursed in this country, passing through the hands of Mr. Salomon, the mercantile commissions on which increased to a large amount the capital invested by him and devoted to the public.

The day-book and ledger of the Bank of North America, as appears from a statement authenticated by the signature of the cashier, of date of May 1, 1846, exhibit the receipt by Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance, of nearly $200,000

in specie, commencing January 1, 1782 and continuing till 1784, when Mr. Salomon was seized with his fatal illness. It also appears that the only cash deposit made by Robert Morris to his own credit was received from Mr. Salomon, the same being charged to the account of the latter for the precise sums and dates as so received, and credited to Robert Morris in the day-book and ledger of the bank.

From a duly authenticated extract from the inventory of Mr. Salomon's personal estate at the period of his death, it appears that he was the possessor bona fide at par value of revolutionary paper to the amount of $353,744, in which he had invested his entire mercantile earnings in the patriotic manner already described, and of which abundant evidence is presented in the documents exhibited to the committee. The utterly destitute condition of the treasury at this period is well known. Mr. Salomon died intestate, and these government obligations were taken possession of by an individual, then a Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and a person acting as treasurer of that State, and no other evidence remains to enable the memorialist to trace the disposition of them, or the payment by the government of these public securities; however, not one cent was ever received by the widow or children of the original and rightful possessor.

All the former reports from the committees of both houses show that Haym Salomon supported

from his private means many of the principal men of the Revolution, who otherwise, as stated by themselves, could not have attended to their public duties, among whom are mentioned Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Steuben, Mifflin, St. Clair, Blond, Mercer, Jones, Monroe, Wilson, and others; but the package of vouchers containing the original letters and orders from these parties to Mr. Salomon, with the important confidential statements of these parties, together with many other important as well as interesting matters of fact, have all disappeared from the proper files in the case since the adjournment of the last Congress, and no search has been able to find or discover them. It is supposed they have been extracted for the sake of the original autograph letters and signatures they embraced. But sufficient of their contents has been preserved in the former reports to show their accuracy, and the importance of the relief granted to those who devoted their whole time to the public services, and wherein the patriot Madison says, in 1783—

The expediency of drawing bills on Virginia, even the most unquestionable, has been tried by us in vain.

I am fast relapsing into pecuniary distress. The case of my brethren is equally alarming.

I have been a pensioner for some time on the favor of Haym Salomon. I am almost ashamed to reiterate my wants so incessantly to you. The kindness of our friend near the coffee-house (Haym

Salomon) is a fund that will preserve me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense. To necessitous delegates he always spares them supplies, etc., etc.

The distressed condition of the public men of the time is corroborated by Mr. Morris, Superintendent of Finance, who in 1781, wrote to the president of Congress that "The treasury was so much in arrears to the servants in the public offices that many of them could not, without payment, perform their duties, but must have gone to jail for debts they have contracted to enable them to live, etc., had they not been favored with assistance."

It was in a crisis like this that Mr. Salomon not only aided the government directly, as we have seen, but sustained its public men without reservation or security, trusting in the honor and gratitude of the American people when independence should have been secured.

As evidence of the ability of Haym Salomon to make the advances before stated, your committee have before them the sworn statement of the cashier of the Bank of North America, taken from its books, showing that after making all these payments and loans, his bank account, at the end of each consecutive quarter during the time referred to, averaged a surplus of from $11,000 to $46,000; and the same sworn statement also proves, from the same books, the advance of the large sums stated to Robert Morris; and, indeed,

in all respects corroborates the financial character and respectability of the father of the memorialist. This sworn statement also proves the advances made to the various public men of the Revolution before mentioned, showing the orders or checks upon which the money was paid.

The committee of the last Congress state that, "in order to be satisfied how far payments of these advances or government obligations have been made, they have had brought before them a full exemplification of all the revolutionary expenditures and payments anterior to the formation of the present government, but do not find that there is any evidence of such payments having been made to the father of the memorialist, or to his heirs or legal representatives after his death."

That "the accounts rendered by the superintendent of finance have been carefully examined, and no discharge of any of these obligations can be found." That "a like search has been made in the private accounts of Robert Morris, as stated upon his oath while incarcerated for debt in the year 1805, and no payments to, or charges against, Haym Salomon appear in any shape." And the First Auditor of the Treasury states officially that no such payments have been made since the formation of the present government, which is conclusive evidence that there is justly due to the memorialist a large sum.

The evidence before your committee shows that the memorialist has been diligent in pursuing his

claim. At the death of his father, in 1784, his brother, the eldest of the family, was but about seven years old! When he arrived to maturity he found the large real estate owned by his father all sold, and no account rendered of anything. Steps were taken to pursue such rights as were visible, and, among others, this demand; but as the evidence was scattered, and they were compelled to earn a livelihood by their industry, things moved slowly. Early in this century, his elder brother dying in the discharge of public duties, far from home, the memorialist took charge of it, and has pursued it by every proper means in his power.

Many of the survivors of the Revolution, who were the compeers and knew the value of the sacrifices made by Haym Salomon, wrote encouraging letters to the memorialist on the subject. Among these may be mentioned one from James Madison, in 1827, who, among other things, stated:

The transactions shown by the papers you enclose were for the support of the delegates to Congress, and the agency of your father therein was solicited on account of the respect and confidence he enjoyed among those best acquainted with him, etc:—and concludes with the wish that the memorialist be properly indemnified.

But without amplifying there is sufficient to show that the memorialist has been vigilant in the pursuit of his rights, and though he has had numerous reports made in his favor, he never could get his case finally acted upon.

The aggregate of the indebtedness or demand of the memorialist against the government, and of the moneys advanced to the public men of the Revolution, as shown by the papers, and recognized by all the committees of both houses, which have examined the same may be stated thus:

Government obligations of the various species before stated	$353,729.43
Specie advanced at various times to superintendent of finance	211,678.00
Haym Salomon's six promissory notes, £34,758 18s. 2d., or in federal currency say	92,600.00
Making a total of	$658,007.43

Besides the note of $20,000, evidently loaned to Robert Morris, and the $10,000 and upwards advanced to Don Francisco Rendon, the ambassador of Spain, and an indefinite amount advanced to many of the most devoted men of the Revolution, which is not enumerated or claimed by the memorialist.

In the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, and Thirty-eighth Congresses, reports were made on this claim by various committees and always in favor of paying what the United States undoubtedly justly owes, but it never passed both Houses. Consequently the heirs of Haym Salomon have finally abandoned the idea of ever expecting to receive the money that their ancestor so gener-

ously and kindly advanced, and in lieu thereof now ask that Congress should have a gold medal struck as an heirloom for the family, and in consideration of what the ancestor of the memorialist did at a time when it was all important to have such services for the benefit of the United States.

To verify our recommendation and prove how just this claim is, we attach hereto copy of the reports made by various committees of the Senate of the United States. There can be no question that the heirs be reimbursed; but as they seem to have caught the spirit of their ancestor and very generously waive their rights in the premises, it is the least that the Congress of the United States can do to testify in a public manner their high appreciation for the valuable and important services rendered by their ancestor.

Your committee respectfully report that their request be granted; that a gold medal to the value of $250 be struck by the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and that the same be presented by the Secretary of the Treasury to the lineal descendant and heir of the late Haym Salomon.

A man jumped up. "I move the rejection of the report!" he shouted. "The Committee is quoting suppositions, not facts. But whether the findings are true or untrue, I can see no reason for the extraordinary honor recommended. In the first place let me remind you that the man was a Jew and I object to Jews being thus honored, and most of you here are of the same

opinion—why not be frank about it? We're strong enough to tell the truth, aren't we? In the second place I can't understand why a fuss is being made because an immigrant loaned money to the government! The money was never paid back to him, the Committee says. What of it? I ask. Did not the said immigrant make the money in this country? Could that money not be had by taxing him? Was not the privilege to live in this country worth that much money to him?"

"Will the honorable gentleman yield to a question?" asked another member.

"I yield. Go ahead and be as impudent as you like. I stand on firm ground. I'm not afraid of a question."

"I merely wish to ask the honorable gentleman whether he would consent to burn the Liberty Bonds he owns. It is a well established fact that the honorable gentleman has a considerable amount of the bonds that provided the money necessary to win the last war; I have heard it said that he purchased the bonds to reduce his income tax payments, which of course is outlandish, considering the patriotism of the honorable gentleman. But to come back to my question. Will the honorable gentleman consent to burn his Liberty Bonds to prove that his objections to the Committee's report are sincere and therefore honorable?"

"This," cried the man, "is beyond a doubt the most outrageous question ever put to a member of Congress. It is beyond question the vilest speech ever uttered in any place where men of honor gather to deliberate the destinies of their nation. This insidious attack is not directed against me alone; it is directed against the

millions who felt it was their duty to uphold the hands of the government by buying Liberty Bonds. In the name of these millions who cannot be here, I demand an apology. I demand that the man who insulted the whole nation be physically thrown out of here and rolled down the dignified steps which he disgraced so shamelessly."

He continued to rage and the members began to leave. When the House was empty, men known to Salomon started coming in. Washington, Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Madison, Baron Steuben, General Mifflin, Baron De Kalb, General Pulaski, General St. Clair, General Kosciusko, Colonel Shee, Major McPherson, Judge Wilson, Arthur Lee, Theodore Blond, Joseph Jones, John Mercer, and Edmund Randolph appeared and listened with bowed heads. The speaker stopped and looked about him. Noticing Salomon, he shook his fist at him.

"You don't belong in this country," he shouted. "The miserable few dollars you loaned—most likely you were in mortal fear that thugs would come looking for them and cut your throat—won't save you. We'll send you packing to-morrow or the next day. Thank God for the war that roused in us the proper spirit to send you where you came from. Thank God for the war that opened our eyes to the danger of your kind. Tell them, when you get back, that the walls of America are taller than our skyscrapers; and if necessary we will build them higher. America for Americans and for no one else! What are you grinning at me like that for? I'll teach you to respect a public servant."

He snatched his cane and made for Salomon. Washington rose and said quietly:

"Alexander Hamilton, Baron Steuben, General Pulaski, Baron De Kalb, and General Kosciusko, as all of you have been immigrants here in those days, I commission you to deal with this madman."

Salomon felt happy, but weary. He closed his eyes; and Haym Salomon, the 1927 immigrant, was dead of exposure in a New York hospital.

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LET THERE BE LIGHT

In Memory

Clara Razel Shain

by

Mrs. P. B. Juster